

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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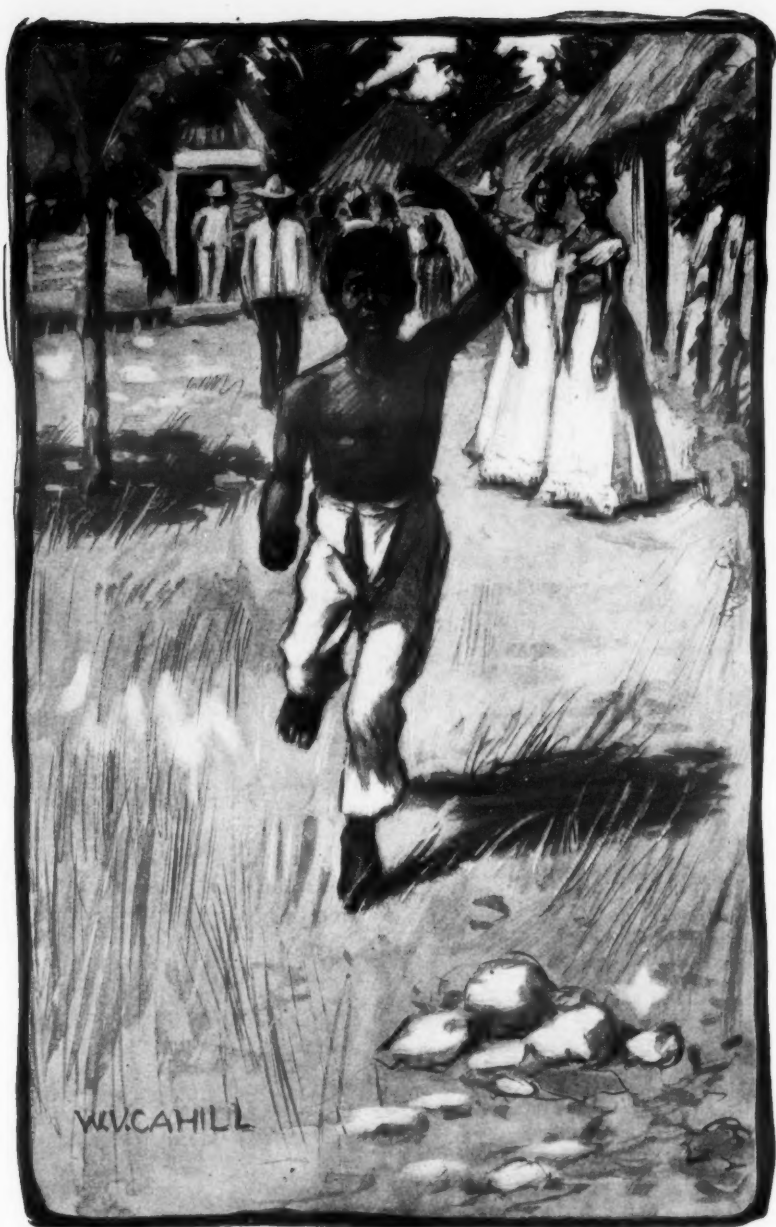
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"A boy dashed down the grass-grown street, shrieking, '*un telegrafo por Senor Mackenzie.*'"

—"Money Maze."—p. 299.

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MAY, 1901.

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TWO BOSSES: PLATT AND CROKER



"Mr. Croker doesn't know any better; he is sincere."

From a cartoon by C. G. Bush, in the *New York World*, by permission.

THOMAS C. PLATT has half a mind to come out into the open this fall and fight with Richard Croker for the possession of Greater New York. The "easy boss" is content most of the time with his control of the state. "God made the country," he says; "men made the town." But he is more apt to quote this old saying after than before an election, since it is a common experience of his to have the country give him a large plurality which the city wipes out with a still larger one for his opponents. The lean, sly Senator covets the town. Whenever he sees the New Yorkers becoming restive under Tammany's rule, he begins to plan a campaign of conquest.

Mr. Platt is perfectly free to do this. He and Mr. Croker understand each other pretty well and they divide the business unequally between them in periods of peace,

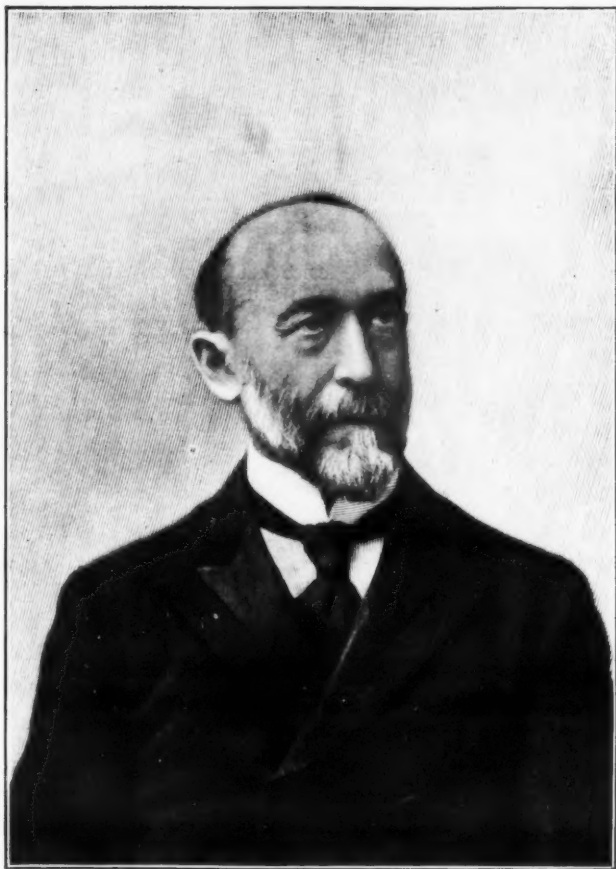
but it is an armed truce always, and if Mr. Croker gives Mr. Platt a chance, Mr. Platt has a right to stick a knife into his partner. Mr. Croker has the same privilege. He frequently contemplates the idea of seizing the state. The check upon each of them is that they have on their own sides men and things which they abhor much more than they do each other, so that, generally speaking, they rub along like some married folk, squabbling between themselves, keeping up appearances before the children and making a united stand against outsiders. It is amusing. But it is comedy, not farce.

Mr. Croker took a leading part in the presidential campaign last year in New York. The "old man" used to be a silent leader, and it is good for a boss to say nothing. He can't explain why; why try? "Saw wood an' keep yer mou' shut," is the classic form of the established rule of machines everywhere. But an active, knowing man, who meets many of his fellow-men, observes them nearly and rules them from any distance, fills up by and by with some sort of wisdom and some sort of self-confidence. He can't keep in. He overflows. Mr. Croker had about him sincere friends who advised him to be still, but their advice was so cautiously given, with such discreetness and so gently, that it only encouraged the great man



"Mr. Platt knows better; he is a cynic."

From a cartoon by Homer Davenport, in the *New York Journal*, by permission.



From photo copyright, 1900, by Rockwood.

Mr. Platt.

to a firmer belief in his greatness. If those about him listened with such deference and counseled with such reverence, why should not the whole world wish to hear? So Croker stopped over.

Some New Yorkers were so overheated by the sight and sayings of their ruler that before the presidential election was held they were eager for the municipal campaign, which was a year off. They wanted to "get at him." All classes of men began to organize anti-Tammany movements. What stirred up the good citizens apparently was the contrast they thought they could trace between the gently virtuous spirit of Mr. Croker's words and the brutally vicious

practices of Tammany Hall. The Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, the Bishop of New York, uttered some brutally virtuous sentiments, and (for example) "Jimmy" O'Brien, ever alert for an opening back into politics, viciously recalled some brutalities of the past. All looked bright for the overthrow of Tammany.

Then something happened that has happened before. Mr. Croker stopped talking and Mr. Platt began. Mr. Croker sailed for England and Mr. Platt was soon heard saying that it was intolerable to have a city like New York under the corrupt, corrupting rule of an organization like Tammany Hall; the time had come to throw off the



From photo copyright, 1900, by Rockwood.

Mr. Croker.

burden; and Mr. Platt offered to help the city get rid of that man Croker. Public interest in the municipal campaign vanished. It is no part of the understanding between Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker to have one of them appear suddenly when the people are running away from the other. They have too much self-respect to plan such a trick. Mr. Platt sincerely thinks that Croker is infinitely his inferior, and Mr. Croker feels honestly that, anyhow, he is better than Platt. So it just happens that when the herd starts to stampede from Croker, Platt shows himself ahead and turns it back. And so it just happened this winter. New Yorkers forgot in their ire the alternative

for Croker. While he talked they saw only the squat form of the one-time tough and heeler preaching mild-eyed, soft-voiced at them; and they pawed the earth, mad to flee. But when they turned and saw before them the hungry shape of Tom Platt, standing with bony fingers on his hollow chest; when they heard him saying, "Take me instead," the good citizens looked first on this picture, then on that, and they stayed in the pasture.

"What's the difference?" they said. "What's the use? How are stocks?"

Stocks were booming. Stocks have boomed ever since. But there is hope of a good municipal campaign in that alone. What

goes up must come down, they will tell you in Wall Street, and if the prices of stocks descend from their present level, they will come fast, far and hard, making many an independent voter uncommonly irritable. Then, too, the reformers who couldn't choose between the two bosses and wouldn't buy stocks, entered upon an investigation of the system of protected vice. This always is dissatisfying. Surest of all, however, is the nature of the city itself. New York is the best buck-jumper in American municipal politics. Some cities like most bronchos buck hard the first time they are ridden, then settle down to a wise jog trot. New York is not unintelligent. It knows it is no use to kick, that if one rough rider is thrown another as rough will jump into the saddle. Yet the old nag snorts, rears and comes down stiff-legged every time you mount or dismount, and this fall we shall have Croker up showing off his skill and rowelling with both spurs, while Platt is already waving his hat and shouting. I think there will be a good show.

I think Mr. Platt will try to carry the city. If he does try, the contest will be a spectacle worth watching. It may be important. The problem is the same as that which confronts all our cities, and some promising solution may be approached. Failing this, however, there is the human interest of combat on a grand scale between two men who are distinct types of the American ruler, two leaders who have grown old in such struggles and are just passing the height of their power and their powers. Every city, town and village in the country has its Platt and its Croker, New York City always will have a Croker and a Platt, but Richard Croker and Thomas C. Platt will probably never meet in a municipal campaign again. They are old men, older in mind than they are in years, and some of the signs of the zenith of their careers are the harbingers of their end. Let us take a close look at them before they go.

It is all very well for New Yorkers to say there is no difference between them. There may be no choice, but there is a difference that is significant. In brief, it is this: Mr. Platt has descended, Mr. Croker has risen to the common level where they meet as equals. The Republican boss is a gentleman by birth, breeding and education. The Tammany tiger was a tough, one of the old Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang. When "Dick" Croker was learning the machinist's trade, Tom Platt was studying the classics at Yale.

While Croker after dark was punching his way to the leadership of his crew of hoodlums, his rival was reading the lives of the great leaders of the world. Young Croker was tried for a murder done at the polls by some one of his crowd of heelers at about the stage where Platt was leaving college.

Mr. Platt is the class of man the critics say ought to go into politics. Mr. Croker is the kind that these same authorities tell us should be driven out. Mr. Platt has a business; he is president of an express company; politics is his sport, and it is said he makes not a cent by it. Mr. Croker has no business but politics, and horse racing is his sport. Yet Dr. Parkhurst spoke for thousands when he said Platt was worse than Croker. Why?

Mr. Platt knows better; he is a cynic. Mr. Croker doesn't know any better; he is sincere. In business they say that the men who have been ministers are the worst rascals to deal with. Criminals will tell you that the hardest men in their profession are those who come of good families. Newspaper men often remark that the meanest sources of news are the reformers who typically are deceptive, unfair and unreliable. Mr. Platt once said that "no bunco man ever buncoed a 'come-on' as William L. Strong buncoed him," and Mr. Strong was one of the business men New Yorkers are forever striving to make mayors of. Both Platt and Croker sincerely distrust reformers, and not alone because reform is a menace to the machines.

This all is common observation, and it applies in the case of our two bosses to the disadvantage of the finer man. Mr. Platt could give us better government. Mr. Croker speaks from a simple heart when he says, as he often does say, that New York is the best governed city in the world. From Mr. Platt might have been expected the establishment in practice of the principle that good government is good politics. He probably would sneer at the thought. Mr. Croker believes just that; only he is so ignorant that he knows no ideals. He had no notion of street cleaning till Colonel Waring showed how to do it. He knows worse methods than Tammany's; he helped overthrow Tweed. The man has risen to a point where he is amazed at himself and struck by the things he has not done.

Mr. Croker wouldn't do now many things that he did without thinking when he was a young tough; Mr. Platt does many a thing that he couldn't have done when he was a

young student. Mr. Croker has the sense of virtue which a drunkard has, who has limited his drinks; Mr. Platt has the uneasy manner of a teetotaler who takes a nip on the quiet "now and then" for a cold which has become chronic. Talk to Croker about bad men and you will find him tolerant, sweetly charitable; talk to Platt about them and he appears to believe worse things than you know. Talk of good men and Mr. Croker will be able and willing to agree with you; Mr. Platt will smile skeptically. Experience with men has taught Mr. Platt to do evil; Mr. Croker compels many a bad man to do good. Men who hate Platt vote with him; they rather like Croker, though they vote against him. Mr. Platt's intelligence often misleads him into folly; Croker's instinct so lights up his ignorance that it sometimes has the effulgence of wisdom. In Platt's carefully prepared statements you look for the hidden meaning; in Croker's rough and ready interviews you can catch glimpses of the struggling sense breaking through. Mr. Croker is still something of a bruiser, he wields a club and throws "rocks"; Mr. Platt is much more subtle; he attacks with a stiletto. Mr. Croker hasn't the taste to shake himself free of a number of his hoodlum friends; he carries them, fights for them, suffers abuse for their sake. This is part of the loyalty which endears him to the elemental man. Mr. Platt lacks that dubious virtue. He has been compelled to sacrifice again and again friends who have lost their usefulness to him in his service. Mr. Croker has pursued enemies of his to the hurt of himself and his party. He can forgive, but he forgives the man, not the politician, and

his motive is generosity. Mr. Platt was advising "Lou" Payn, an up-state leader, once to "let up" on an enemy in order to win. Payn said he'd rather not win. "That explains," the Senator said, "why you are the leader of a very small part of the country."



From a cartoon by C. G. Bush, in the New York World, by permission.

Mr. Platt is vindictive, and he has gone on long chases; but it is much more common with him to compromise with his enemies and fight with his friends.

It was Mr. Platt himself who said that he was an "easy boss." Others repeat it as a jest. He is one of the hardest bosses in the country to serve. Mr. Croker is easy. Mr. Croker is the stricter disciplinarian, because he is generous and fair, and his native kindness and sense of justice bind men so closely to him that his following is much more willing than Mr. Platt's. Mr. Croker usually lets the districts choose their own leaders, not always, but as a rule; while Mr. Platt as habitually dictates who shall lead his city districts. His power is much less. Two or three of Croker's leaders, like "Tim" Sullivan, for example, own their districts so absolutely that even Croker could not over-

throw them, but most of the Tammany leaders could be killed politically by a word from "the old man." Mr. Platt, on the other hand, all through the country has district leaders who acknowledge his boss-ship only when it suits them. It is notorious that three or four of these who have long sat in the state senate have defeated Mr. Platt's legislative plans by selling out to Tammany and he does not discipline them. He cannot. He submits. Perhaps he was contemplating his relations with such followers when he spoke of himself as "easy." It is in the weaker city districts that he is hard. Mr. Croker sees that the chosen leader of a district gets the patronage; Mr. Platt gives it to a minority leader if the majority man is not sufficiently subservient. In other words, Mr. Croker receives his power from the people; Mr. Platt rules from the top down.

When Mr. Croker has elected his mayor, he sees that the heads of departments are selected, as a President's cabinet is, to represent the party geographically, factionally, insisting on special ability only in those offices which, like the street cleaning commissionership lately, have been so much a subject of popular agitation that a creditable service is essentially good politics. He doesn't care whether a man has been a "sport" or a murderer, if he is a "good fellow" with some force of character and stands well in the party, he is eligible to almost any position. Croker won't go outside the machine for brains, reputation or popularity, though he now and then brings into the party and rewards generously men he has met somewhere beyond his political circle. Whoever they may be, however, and however chosen when the mayor and his heads of departments are in and have done "the fair thing" by way of distributing patronage, Mr. Croker lets them run their offices with very little interference. I know many people believe otherwise, and it is true that when differences or dangerous crises arise he jumps in and settles things like the master that he is. But he does not do this offensively. He rarely quarrels with his mayor.

Mr. Platt went outside his machine for a mayor when he accepted the nomination of William L. Strong. Then he had a row with the mayor. He chose from among the independent Republicans when he nominated Levi P. Morton for governor; he quarreled with him. Governor Black was a machine Republican; Platt quarreled with him, set about defeating his plans for renomination

and was easily able to accomplish his purpose because Mr. Black had put through before the quarrel so much unpopular legislation for the boss, that he had no following. Governor Roosevelt was the next man to go. Many of his friends thought he served Platt too well; many of them gave him up forever. Was Mr. Platt satisfied? No. Platt planned the nomination of his governor for vice-president. The "easy boss" was sure of carrying the state anyway; McKinley would elect any Republican nominee for governor. The chance had come to Mr. Platt at last to have for governor a man who he thought would be his for good or bad and all. He chose Benjamin B. Odell, his lieutenant; a politician he had discovered, trained, trusted with the most delicate business; the man he had sent out West to organize the enthusiasm for Roosevelt; the man who had stood ready to run for vice-president or pretend to, or do (as he was heard to say to Mr. Platt at Philadelphia) "just whatever you say, Senator."

The Senator said "Be governor," and Mr. Odell became governor. He did not want the office; at least, he told his friends that he did not want it, and the reason he gave privately was that, from his seventeen years of intimate political acquaintance with the boss, he knew that it might mean the close of his political career; either he would have to quarrel with Mr. Platt, which had been the end of some men in the organization; or he would have to "stand for" such wretched legislation and appointments that, like the rest of Mr. Platt's men, he would be done for with the public. In either case he would be dropped by Mr. Platt. Now, the date of this writing is March 25. Mr. Odell has been Governor for only eighty-four days, but he and the boss have had their quarrel and have "settled it."

The consequences of this incident will affect New York state politics for many a year, and they may influence national politics somewhat, but the light it all throws on the character of Mr. Platt is the present value of the story. Begin with the vanity of it. When Governor Odell delivered his inaugural message, people were astonished at the reforms he advocated, and it looked as if he had broken away from Platt, as he had somewhat, and a man who wished to know, asked the Senator about it.

"Senator, how long is it since you became a reformer?"

"Since before the Governor's message was written," he replied.

He wished to give the impression that he had inspired the message. He hadn't at all. He had seen it and had agreed to it, but it was Mr. Odell's own policy from beginning to end.

The Senator's little vanity in claiming Governor Odell's message adds to the richness of the quarrel, for the demand that proved too much for the machine-made governor was that the Republicans seize the Police Department of the City of New York by a piece of legislation which was characterized in the message as impolitic and unconstitutional. Consistency is, of course, no great consideration for a boss, however much a Governor may prize it, and to take what he can get without fighting for it is characteristic of Mr. Platt.

Now, the Republicans ought to have the New York City police. The condition of the department is notoriously bad; Mr.

ing us control. The people talk of home rule and they'll punish us by giving Tammany the city. But the people aren't fit to rule. Let's grab a hunk and with that we can dicker with Tammany for more."

The Governor refers to the Constitution in his message. The United States Senator says he can hire a lawyer to get around the Constitution. The Governor speaks of his bill passed to centralize the power in the department and oust the chief of police.

"It didn't work," says the shrewd boss,



From a cartoon by C. G. Bush, in the *New York World*, by permission.

Croker's vice committee reported that the police systematically protect crime for a price. Since Tammany has confessed that failure the Republicans ought to have a trial, whether the voters think they would do better or worse. But there is a wise way and a fool way, a democratic and an autocratic way, for the Republicans to get their chance. The right way is to carry the city at the next election. That gives the people a chance. It is regular and direct. But Mr. Platt says, "No. Let's just take it. We have the Legislature. We'll pass a law giv-

"Tammany was shrewder than we."

"But the public wrath and my future," the Governor pleads.

"The people forget; I remember," is the answer.

That's Platt. That is the crafty man, the autocratic boss, the cunning manipulator, the minority leader. And there is the point. Mr. Platt is contented with his city minority. If he were a conscientious citizen or a bold, ambitious partisan, he would fight for New York City at the polls. He could win. Whenever the Republicans and the Independents have joined forces, they have carried the town. But Mr. Platt is a boss—not a leader. Mr. Odell is. When Mr. Platt asked him to swallow his message and put through the police bill, the Governor replied that it was, among other things, bad politics. When he got back to Albany he realized that the crisis had come and he "fixed up his fences" while he watched New York. Senator Platt was talking to the reporters.

"Senator, will there be a police bill?" they were asking him.

"There will," said the Senator.

"Will it be passed?"

"It will."

"Will it be signed?"

"It will."

The Governor delayed action on some private bills which a lot of legislators were interested in, let his mind be known through quiet leaks and waited. Senator Platt had business in Washington just then. The President was thinking of appointing Colonel William Cary Sanger, of New York, as Assistant Secretary of War. Mr. Platt detested Colonel Sanger.

"I shall oppose his confirmation so long as there is breath in my body," said the Senator from New York, "and the appointment, if made, will never go through the Senate."

This also Mr. Platt said publicly. The situation at Washington was just like that at Albany. Mr. Platt had told the nation what the President must do so that the President couldn't do it without humiliating himself; and he had told the state what the Governor must do, so that the Governor couldn't do it, even if he wished to, without "showing who was boss." The President "gave Mr. Platt a pink carnation" and sent him back to New York with the news that Colonel Sanger was appointed. The Senator, beaten at Washington, got from his lawyers the police bill that evaded the Constitution and sent it to Albany by his son Frank, whom Mr. Odell and few other politicians fancy, with an "ultimatum." Mr. Frank, who is not a diplomatic person, anyway, delivered his father's unpleasant message in terms which aroused the wrath of the Governor, who is a remarkably cold man. The Governor set the son right, sent him home to his father with the disturbing notice that he, Ben Odell, was Governor of New York, and that the man didn't live who could "make a monkey of him"; and worst of all, called in the reporters and told them enough of what had transpired to make an effective appeal to the people. That kept the Senator and his son denying things for two or three days. The Senator surrendered to Albany as he had to Washington; but to "save his face," he summoned a conference which was to go through the form of advising the Governor to accept the police bill, and when he declined, to advise the Senator to drop it for a while. This was to "let Mr. Platt down easy." But Mr. Odell said he wouldn't attend the conference; he had made up his mind; that bill should not go through while he was Governor; and he was Governor. That ended it. This so frightened

the leaders that most of them became ill and couldn't go to the conference. The few who did go, did what they could to cover up the most pitiful defeat in the history of the machine.

Mr. Platt's prestige was broken by it. Men were hailing Mr. Odell as leader. But Mr. Platt has a chance to recover his power. There remains one great opportunity for him.

It is Richard Croker. Mr. Croker doesn't know what reform is; he doesn't know what good government is; he doesn't know what good business is. He doesn't know what good politics is. He only knows what he has found good and bad. His knowledge of all things is derived from talks with other men, mostly of one class, and from his own personal experience, which has not been deep, high or wide. He does not read and he does not think; he asks questions and muses. There is no idealism in him. He cannot give what has not been, and he does not see what is needed till it has been supplied. Mr. Croker is, as I think I have indicated, an attractive personality; if he were a horse you could love and follow him. But as a ruler of cities, he is impossible. There is no hope of better things in him; he is doing the very best he knows how.

Why shouldn't Mr. Platt take advantage of that? Mr. Croker plays upon Mr. Platt's weaknesses, why shouldn't Mr. Platt reach over Mr. Croker's limitations? Because Mr. Platt tries to play not his own, but Croker's game, and Croker can beat him at it every time. There is a broad difference between the Democrats and the Republicans in New York City. You can "boss" the average Democrats, or enough of them to make a majority in the city vote. Mr. Croker is a king, mild and easy-going, but a king. Mr. Platt wants to be a king, too. But since a great body of Republicans will not be ruled after the Tammany method, they won't bow down to Mr. Platt, so he kings it over the rag, tag and bobtail of his party. To win the city he, like a minority leader anywhere, would have to attract about him the leaders of all the independent bodies in the city, flatter where he cannot command, buy where he cannot borrow, anything to gain a majority. Chief among the requirements, however, is a promise of better government, since there are so many voters who don't care a snap for anything else, and since only the hope of improvement will call out such men to make an effort to oust Tammany. If no one will accept Mr. Platt's

promises in the reform line, then he must give a pledge in the shape of candidates who people believe will not let him go back on his word. Mr. Platt could outline a policy of reform that would never occur to Mr. Croker, and he could nominate men for office who would be a positive assurance of good faith and men beyond Mr. Croker's reach and ken. There is where he has Mr. Croker on the hip. But he won't, and there is where Mr. Croker has him on the hip. Mr. Platt is by nature what he calls a "diplomat"; (the Washington and Albany incidents show that "diplomacy" is not the right word); he likes to "dicker" and "deal," and he hates to have any equals about him. It is only since Governor Odell has shut off any chance for a police deal that Mr. Platt may be expected to turn in and make a fight for New York City, and the danger of a dicker is not passed yet. If he should show himself ready to take the

best man in sight for mayor next fall, Mr. Croker would send his ambassador, State Senator Grady, to Mr. Platt's minister, Lemuel Ely Quigg. They would consider together how unwise for machine government it is to let "reformers" get control of such a mine as the City of New York; how much better it were to divide a little more equally. The treaty makers would report to their sovereigns and perhaps it could be arranged so that Mr. Platt would name a machine man for mayor, let the Independents run a "reformer," and, as has happened before, work all together to elect the Tammany ticket. Mr. Platt could have a few offices for his followers—he does not ask for many—and Tammany sometimes beats him in the "diplomacy" which follows, but the "reformers" would be defeated again and the city thrown into despair. This is something to men like Croker, Platt & Co.

MONEY MAZE

By O. HENRY

THEY will tell you, in Anchuria, that President Miraflores of that volatile republic died by his own hand in the coast town of Cibolo. That he had reached thus far in flight from the inconveniences of an imminent revolution, and that a quarter of a million *pesos*, government funds, which he carried with him in an American leather valise as a souvenir of his tempestuous administration, were never afterward found.

For a *real*, a *muchacho* will show you his grave. It is back of the town, near a little bridge that spans a mango swamp. A plain slab of undressed pine stands at its head.

Some one has burned upon the headpiece, with a hot iron, this inscription:

RAMON ANGEL DE LAS CRUZES
Y MIRAFLORES,
PRESIDENTE DE LA REPUBLICA
DE ANCHURIA.
QUE SEA SU JUEZ, DIOS.

It is characteristic of this buoyant people that they pursue no man beyond his grave. "Let God be his judge!" Even with that

quarter of a million unfound they could not engrave upon his tombstone the sarcasm of "a good and great man gone to his reward."

An old half-breed Indian tends this grave with fidelity and the dawdling minuteness of inherited sloth. He chops down the weeds with his *machete*, plucks away ants and scorpions with his horny fingers, and sprinkles it daily with water from the plaza fountain.

To the guest, the people of Cibolo will relate the story of the tragic death of their old President; how he strove to fly with the public funds and Doña Julia Gordon, the young American opera singer, and how, being apprehended by members of the revolutionary party in this coast town, he shot himself through the head rather than give up the funds and, as follows, the Señorita Gordon. They will relate, further, that Doña Julia, her adventurous bark of fortune shoaled by the simultaneous loss of her distinguished admirer and the souvenir quarter million, dropped anchor on this stagnant coast, awaiting a rising tide. The tide was ready, in the form of a wealthy American

resident—a banana king, a rubber prince, a sarsaparilla, indigo and mahogany baron. The señorita married this American one month after the ill-fated President was buried with military dishonors, and while the “Vivas” of the new administration were saluting Liberty and prospective spoils.

The house of the American is to be seen on a bald foot-hill of the Cordilleras near the town. It is a conglomerate structure of the finest woods, brick, glass, palm, thatch, adobe and bamboo. The natives speak of its interior with admiration—“figure-it-to-yourself”—there are floors polished like mirrors, hand-woven Indian rugs of silk fibre, tall glasses, musical instruments, and painted walls.

Of the American, Don Frank Mackenzie, and of his wife, they have nothing but good to say. Don Frank has lived among them for years, and has compelled their respect. His lady is easily queen of what social life the sober coast affords. The Commandante's wife, herself, who was of the proud Castilian family of Monteleon y Dolorosa de los Santos y Mendez, feels honored to unfold her napkin with olive-hued, ringed hands at the table of the Señora Mackenzie. Were you to refer—with your northern prejudices—to the vivacious past of Mrs. Mackenzie, when her gleeful abandon upon the comic opera stage captured the mature President's fancy, or to her part in that statesman's downfall and malfeasance, the Latin shrug of the shoulder would be your only answer and rebuttal. The native dames admired the beautiful American lady, and many of them envied her possession of the marriage certificate signed by the good Padre Espirition.

It would seem that the story is ended; that the close of a tragedy and the climax of a romance have covered the ground of interest, but, to the more curious reader it shall be some slight instruction to learn why the old Indian, Galvez, is secretly paid to keep green the grave of President Miraflores by one who never saw that statesman in life or death. Also, why Don Emilio Villanueva, Minister of Finance during the Miraflores administration, and close friend to the deceased President, should, after dining at Mackenzie's house during a short visit to the coast, make the following remark to a friend:

“F-f-f-f-t! I say it to you. Twenty times, in the Capital, I have taken wine in the company of Doña Julia Gordon. As many times I have heard her sing like the *ruiseñor* that she was. *Por el cuerpo de Cristo* this

Madame Mackenzie—*aunque una Señora muy agradable*—is no more Doña Julia Gordon than I, myself, am. *Figurase!*”

The threads of the events reach far, stretching across the sea. Following them out, it will also be made clear why Shorty Flynn of the Columbia Detective Bureau, New York, lost his job. Also why Dr. Angel, a middle-aged, dark-featured *poseur* of the boulevards of Paris, smokes two-franc cigars.

Cibolo lay in its usual stupor. The Caribbean swished upon the sand beach, the parrots screamed in the range and ceiba trees, the palms were waving their limber fronds foolishly, like an awkward chorus at the prima donna's cue to enter.

Suddenly the town was full of excitement. A boy dashed down the grass-grown street, shrieking, “*Busca el Señor Mackenzie. Un telégrafo por él!*” Knots of women, ox-eyed, bare-armed, ecru-complexioned, gathered at corners and caroled plaintively to one another: “*Un telégrafo por Señor Mackenzie!*” The word spread swiftly. The Commandante, who was loyal to the Ins, and suspected Mackenzie's devotion to the Outs, hissed “Aha!” and wrote in his secret memorandum book, “*Julio el 10—Vino un telégrafo por Señor M.*”

Informed by a dozen voluntary messengers, Señor Mackenzie emerged from some contiguity of shade, and proceeded toward the telegraph office. The ox-eyed women gazed at him with shy admiration, for his type drew them. He was big, blond and jauntily dressed in white linen and buckskin *zapatos*. His manner was bold, but kind, and humorous.

The dispatch was from Bob Engelhardt, a “Gringo” in the capital city, an ice manufacturer, a sworn revolutionist, and “good people.” The wily Bob seemed to have circumvented successfully the impossibility of sending a confidential message in either Spanish or English. The result was the following literary gem:

“His nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack rabbit line with all the spondulicks in the pot, and the bunch of calico he's spoons on. She's a peach, easy. Our crowd in good shape, but the boodle is six figures short. We must have the swag the main guy scooped. You collar it. He's headed for the briny. You know what to do.”

This remarkable screed conveyed the information to Mackenzie that the President had decamped for the coast with the public money, accompanied by the opera singer, Julia Gordon, his infatuation for whom was the gossip of the republic.

Mackenzie pocketed his message and went to talk it over with his friend and co-conspirator, Dr. Zavalla, a native politician of much ingenuity. Mackenzie had taken up political intrigue as a matter of business. He was acute enough to wield a certain influence among leading schemers, and prosperous enough to purchase the respect of the petty office-holders. His support was considered so far useful to the revolutionary party that, if the wheel revolved, he stood to win a twenty-year concession to thirty thousand manzanas of the finest timber land along the coast.

By reference to the "jack rabbit line" in Bob's message, it was understood that the head of the government, the swag and Julia had taken the mule-back route to the coast. Indeed, no other route was there. A week's trip it was—over fearful mountains and streams; a jiggety-joggety journey; hot and ice-cold, and wet and dry.

The trail, after descending the mountains, turned to a trident, the central prong ending at Cibolo. Another branched off to Coralio; the third penetrated Alazan.

At Coralio was a harbor, and strict quarantine and clearing regulations. The fugitives would never attempt to escape there. At Cibolo or Alazan they might hope to board a tramp freighter or a fruit steamer by the aid of a rowboat or sloop, as the vessels anchored half a mile from shore.

But Mackenzie and Zavalla sent horseback messengers up and down the coast with warning to the local leaders of the Liberal movement—to Benavidez at Coralio, and to Varras at Alazan—instructing them to patrol the water line, and to arrest the flying President at all hazards if he should show himself in their territory. After these precautions there was nothing to do but cover the Cibolo district with lookouts and await results. The fugitives would, beyond a doubt,

move as secretly as possible, and endeavor to board a vessel by stealth from some hiding-place on shore.

On the eighth day after the receipt of Engelhardt's message, the *Karlsefin*, Norwegian steamer, chartered by the New Orleans fruit trade, anchored off Cibolo, with three hoarse toots of her siren. Mackenzie



"What does this mean—robbery?"

stood on the beach with the crowd of idlers, watching everything without ostentation. He and Zavalla had stationed men faithful to the cause at intervals along the shore for a mile each way from the town, on the lookout for President Miraflores, of whom nothing had been seen or heard. The customs officers, in their red trousers and Panama hats, rowed out to the vessel and returned. The ship's gig landed her purser with his papers, and then took out the quarantine doctor with his umbrella and clinical thermometer. Next, a swarm of half-naked Caribs began to load the piles of bananas upon lighters, and row them out to the steamer.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a ma-

rine monster, unfamiliar in those waters, hove in sight;—a graceful steam yacht, painted white, clean-cut as a steel engraving, see-sawing the waves like a duck in a rain-barrel. A white boat, manned by a white-uniformed crew, came ashore, and a stocky-built man leaped upon the sands. He made his way toward Mackenzie, who was obviously the most conspicuously Anglo-Saxon figure present, and seemed to turn a disapproving eye on the rather motley congregation of native Anchurians. Mackenzie greeted him as men sprung from the Islands greet one another in alien lands.

Conversation developed that the newly-landed one was named Smith, and that he had come in a yacht. A meager biography, truly, for the yacht was most apparent, and the Smith not beyond a reasonable guess before the revelation. Yet, to the eye of Mackenzie, who had seen several things, there was a discrepancy between Smith and his yacht. A bullet-headed man Smith was, with an oblique, dead eye, and the mustache of a cocktail mixer. Unless he had shifted costumes before leaving for shore, he had affronted the deck of his correct vessel in a pearl-gray derby, a checked suit, fancy vest and vaudeville neckwear. Men owning pleasure yachts generally harmonize with them better.

Smith looked business, but he was no advertiser. He commented upon the scenery, remarking upon its fidelity to the pictures in the geography, and then inquired for the U. S. Consul. They pointed out to him the starred and striped bunting hanging on a pole above the door of a squat adobe house, and Smith plowed his way through the sand thither, his haberdashery creating a discord against a background of tropical blues and greens.

Mackenzie smoked cigars and walked the shingle under the cocoanut palms. His nets were well spread. The roads were so few, the opportunities for embarkation so limited, the two or three probable points of exit so well guarded that it would be strange indeed if there should slip through the meshes so much of the country's dignity, romance and collateral.

Night came, and satisfied with the precautions taken, the American strolled back through the town. Oil lamps burned, a sickly yellow, at random corners. Though yet early, the ways were almost depeopled. A few inhabitants were at their monotonous diversions, dragging at whining concertinas, fingering the guitar or sadly drinking *ani-*

sada in the cantinas. All the streets were by-streets; there were no thoroughfares. Mackenzie turned along one of them, and crouched swiftly in the shadow, for a tall, muffled man passed, carrying a heavy valise. A woman at his elbow seemed to hurry him on. They went rapidly, Mackenzie following, until they reached and entered a *posada* known as the "Hotel de los Estrangeros," a dreary hostelry greatly in disuse both by strangers and friends.

At that moment there came along one Estebán, a barber, an enemy to existing government, a jovial plotter against stagnation in any form. He greeted Mackenzie with flatulent importance.

"What think you, Don Frank! I have tonight shaved *la barba*—what you call the 'weeskers' of El Señor Presidente himself. Consider! He sent for me to come. In a *pobre casa* he awaited—a verree leetle house. I think he desired not to be known, but—*carajo!*—can you shave a man and not see his face? This gold piece he gave me, and said it was to be all quite still. I think, Don Frank, there is what you call one chip over the bug."

In a few words Mackenzie explained the state of affairs to Estebán. Knowing the man to be a partisan Liberal, he made him watch the house to see that no one left it, while he himself entered it at once.

He was an acquaintance of the *madama* who conducted the *posada*. He found her to be a woman with little curiosity.

"Ah! it is the Señor Mackenzie. Not often does he honor this unworthy house. *Que?*—bright eyes—at my age! *Vaya!* Señor Mackenzie. Guests in the house? Why not? Two, but just finished to arrive—a señor, not quite old, and a señora of sufficient handsomeness. To their rooms they have ascended, not desiring the to-drink nor the to-eat. Two rooms—*numero nueve* and *numero diez*. The Señor Mackenzie desires to speak with them? *Como no?* It is well."

Mackenzie saw that the trigger of his American .038 was free from pocket lining, and ascended the dark stairway. A saffron light from a hanging lamp in the hallway above allowed him to select the gaudy numbers on the doors. He turned the knob of number nine, entered and closed the door behind him.

If that was Julia Gordon seated by the table in the poorly furnished room, report had done her charms no injustice. She rested her head upon one hand. Extreme fatigue was signified in every line of her

figure, and upon her countenance a deep perplexity was written. Her eyes were gray irised, and of that mold that seems to have belonged to all the famous queens of hearts. Their whites were singularly clear and brilliant, concealed above the irises by horizontal lids, and showing a snowy line below them. Such eyes denote great nobility, passion, and, if you can conceive it, a most selfish generosity. She looked up, when the American entered, in surprised inquiry, but without fear.

Mackenzie took off his hat and seated himself coolly on the edge of the table by which she sat. He held a lighted cigar between his fingers. He took this course upon the theory that preliminaries would be squandered upon the Señorita Gordon.

"Good-evening," he said. "Now, madam, let us come to business at once. I know who is in the next room, and what he carries in that valise. I am here to dictate terms of surrender."

The lady neither replied nor moved, but steadily regarded the cigar in Mackenzie's hand.

"We," continued the dictator,—"I speak for a considerable mass of the people—demand the return of stolen funds belonging to them. Our terms go very little farther than that. They are very simple. As an accredited spokesman, I promise that our interference will cease with their acceptance. It is on my personal responsibility that I add congratulations to the gentleman in number ten upon his taste in feminine charms."

Returning his cigar to his mouth, Mackenzie observed her, and saw that her eyes followed and rested upon it with icy and significant concentration. Apparently, she had not heard a word he had said. He understood, tossed the cigar out the window, and, with an amused laugh, slid from the table to his feet. The lady smiled.

"That is better," she said, clipping her words off neatly. "For a second lesson in good manners, you may now tell me by whom I am being insulted."

"I'm rather sorry there's not enough time for more lessons," said Mackenzie, regretfully. "Come, now; I appeal to your good sense. You have shown yourself, in more than one instance, to be quite aware of what is to your advantage. There is no mystery here. I am Frank Mackenzie, and I have come for the money. I entered this room at a venture. Had I entered the other I would have had it by now. The gentleman

in number ten has betrayed a great trust. He has robbed his people of a large sum, which I am in time to prevent their losing. I do not say who that gentleman is, but if I should be forced to see him, and he should prove to be a certain high official of the republic, it would be my duty to arrest him. The house is guarded. I am offering you liberal terms. Bring me the valise containing the money, and we will call the affair ended."

The lady rose from her chair and stood for a moment, thinking deeply. "Do you live here, Mr. Mackenzie?" she asked, presently.

"Yes."

"And your authority for this intrusion?"

"I am an instrument of the republic. I was advised by wire concerning the movements of the—gentleman in number ten."

"I have a question or two to ask you. I think you are a man more apt to be truthful than—timid. What sort of place is this town?"

"This town? Oh, a banana town, as they run. Grass huts, 'dobs, five or six two-story houses—population half-breeds, Caribs and blackamoors. No sidewalks; no amusements. Rather unmoral. That's an off-hand sketch, of course."

"Are there any inducements, say in a business or social way, for one to reside here?"

"One," said Mackenzie, smiling. "There are no afternoon teas—and another—there's no extradition treaty."

"He told me," went on the lady, speaking as if to herself, and with a slight frown, "that there were towns on this coast of importance; that there was a pleasing social order—especially an American colony of cultured residents."

"There is an American colony," he continued, gazing at her in some wonder. "Two defaulting bank presidents, one short county treasurer, four manslaughterers, and a widow—arsenic, I believe, was the suspicion. I, myself, complete the colony, but, as yet, have not distinguished myself by any felony."

"Do not lose hope," returned the lady, dryly, "I see nothing in your actions tonight to guarantee you future obscurity. Some mistake has been made; I do not know just where. But *him* you shall not disturb. The journey has fatigued him so that he is fallen asleep, I think, in his clothes. You talk of stolen money! Remain where you are, and I will bring you that valise you covet so." She turned upon him a peculiar,

searching look that ended in a quizzical smile. "It is a puzzling thing," she continued; "you force my door, and you follow your ruffianly behavior with the basest accusations, and yet"—she paused a moment, as if to reconsider what she was about to say—"and yet—I am sure there has been some mistake."

She took a step toward the door that connected the two rooms, but Mackenzie stopped her by a light touch upon her arm. I have said before that women turned to look at him on the streets. He was a kind they seem to admire, big, good-looking, and with an air of kindly truculence. This woman was to be his fate, and he did not know it; but he must have felt the first throes of destiny, for, of a sudden, the knowledge of what report named her turned bitter in his throat.

"If there has been any mistake," he said, hotly, "it was yours. I do not blame that man who has lost his honor, his country, and is about to lose the poor consolation of his stolen riches, as much as I do you, for I can very well see how he was brought to it. By heavens, I can understand and pity him. It is such women as you that strew this degraded coast with wretched exiles, that drag——"

The lady interrupted him by a gesture.

"There is no need," she said, coldly, "to continue your insults. I do not understand you, nor do I know what mad blunder you are making, but if the inspection of the contents of a gentleman's portmanteau will rid me of you, let us delay no longer."

She passed quickly and noiselessly into the other room, and returned with the heavy leather valise. Mackenzie set it upon the table, and began to unfasten the straps. She stood by with an expression of infinite scorn and weariness.

The valise opened wide, and Mackenzie dragged out one or two articles of closely folded clothing, exposing the bulk of the contents—package after package of tightly packed American banknotes of large denomination. Judging by the high figures written upon the bands that bound them, the total must have reached into the hundreds of thousands. Mackenzie saw, with surprise and a thrill of pleasure that he wondered at, that the woman experienced an unmistakable shock. She gasped, and leaned heavily against the table. She had been ignorant, then, that her companion had looted the government treasury. But why, he angrily asked himself, should he be so well pleased

to find this wandering singer not so black as report painted her?

A noise in the other room startled them both. The door swung open, and an elderly, smooth-faced, dark-complexioned man, half dressed, hurried into the room.

The pictures of President Miraflores extant in Cibolo represented him as the possessor of a luxuriant and carefully tended supply of dark whiskers, but the barber Estebán's story had prepared Mackenzie's eye for the change.

The man stumbled into the light, his eyes heavy from weariness and sleep, but flashing with alarm.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, in excellent English, with a keen and perturbed look at the American—"robbery?"

"Very nearly," answered Mackenzie; "but I guess I'm in time to prevent it. This cash goes back to the people to whom it belongs." He thrust both hands into the pockets of his loose linen coat. The President's hand went quickly behind him.

"Don't draw," called Mackenzie, sharply. "I've got you covered from my pocket."

The lady advanced and laid one hand on the shoulder of the hesitating defaulter. She pointed with the other to the table. "Tell me the truth," she said. "Whose money is that?"

The man did not answer. He gave a deep, long-drawn sigh, leaned and kissed her on the forehead, and stepped back into the other room and closed the door.

Mackenzie foresaw his purpose and jumped for the door, but the report of the pistol echoed as his hand touched the knob. A heavy fall followed, and some one struggled past him into the suicide's room.

A desolation, thought Mackenzie, greater than the loss of cavalier and gold must have been in the heart of the enchantress to have forced from her, in that moment, the cry of one turning to the only all-forgiving, all-comforting earthly consoler—to have made her call out from that dishonored and bloody room—"Oh, mother! mother!"

But there were shouts of alarm, and hurrying feet were coming up the stairs. Mackenzie had his duty to perform. Circumstances had made him custodian of the country's treasure. They who were coming might not possess his scruples. Swiftly closing the valise, he leaned far out the window and softly dropped it into a thick orange tree below.

They will tell you in Cibolo, as they told me, how the shot alarmed the town; how

the upholders of the law came apace—the Commandante in a head-waiter's jacket and red slippers, with girded sword, the bare-footed policemen with clanking bayonets and indifferent mien.

They say that the countenance of the dead man was marred by the effects of the shot, but he was identified as the down-fallen President by both Mackenzie and the barber Estebán. The story of his flight from the capital being made public just then, no further confirmation was deemed necessary. So they buried him on the following day, and his grave is there.

They will relate to you how the revolutionary party (now come, without opposition, to be in power) sifted the town and raked the country to find the dead President's valise containing Anchuria's surplus capital, but without success, though aided by Señor Mackenzie himself.

You will hear how Mackenzie, like a tower of strength, shielded the Señorita Julia through those subsequent distressful days. And how his scruples as to her past career (if he had any) vanished, and her adventuresome waywardness (if she had any) disappeared, and they were wedded and were happy.

But they cannot tell you (as I shall) what became of the money that Mackenzie dropped into the orange tree. But that comes later; for it is now time to consider the wishes of those who desire to learn why Shorty Flynn lost his situation. It is deemed fit that Mr. Flynn tell his own story.

MR. FLYNN'S STORY.

The chief rang up headquarters and told me to come up-town quick to an address he gave. I went there, and found him in a private office with a lot of directors who were looking pretty fuzzy. They stated the case: The President of the Republic Loan and Trust Company

had skipped with nearly a quarter of a million in cash, and an expert was digging up a further shortage in his accounts at the rate of a thousand a day. The directors wanted him back pretty bad, but they wanted the money worse. They said they needed it. They had traced the old gent to where he boarded a tramp fruit steamer bound for Central America, or somewhere, with a big gripsack and his daughter—all the family he had.

Not to mention all the talk we had, in six hours I



"He was freezing on to a grip that weighed like a dozen gold bricks; and a swell girl . . . was sitting on a wooden chair."

was on board a steam yacht belonging to one of the directors, and hot on the trail of the fruit tub. I had a pretty good idea where the old boy would strike for. At that time we had a treaty with about every foreign country except Belgium, and that banana republic, Anchuria. There wasn't a photo of old Wahrfield to be had in New York—he had been foxy there—but I had his description, and, besides, the lady with him would be almost a dead give-away.

In my time I've brought back some pretty high flyers from places where I couldn't legally touch them. It's done with a bluff. When they won't be bluffed, I jump on them to get back all the boodle I can. I've kidnapped one or two, but that's dangerous. The best way

is to strike them as soon as possible after they land in a foreign place. Get your work in before they get acquainted; while they're homesick and rattled, and short on nerve.

We struck the monkey coast one afternoon about four. There was a ratty-looking steamer off shore taking on bananas. The monkeys were loading her up with big barges. It might be the one the old man had taken, and it might not. I went ashore to look around. The scenery was pretty good. I never saw any finer on the New York stage. I struck an American on shore, a big, cool chap, standing around with the monkeys. He showed me the Consul's office. The Consul was a Dutchman named Bruck, and he had his mitt out for further orders. He sized me up for an investor, and tried to sell me a cocoanut franchise, a gold mine, a mahogany graft with officials—already—bribed—coupon attachment, and an imitation diamond ring. He stood in with the monkeys and got a rake-off every time a trick was turned. I got what I wanted to know out of him. He said the fruiter loading was the *Karlsefin*, running to New Orleans, but took her last cargo to New York on account of an overstocked home market. Then I was sure my people were on board, as the Consul said no passengers had landed. Just then the quarantine doctor dropped in for a chat, and he said there was a gentleman and lady on the fruiter, and they would come ashore in a few hours, as soon as the gent recovered a little from a sea-sick spell. So, all that I had to do, then, was to wait.

After dark I walked around and investigated that town some, and it was enough to give you the lions. If a man could stay in New York and be honest, he'd better do it than to hit that monkey town with a million.

Dinky little mud houses; grass over your shoe tops in the streets; ladies in low-neck-and-short-sleeves walking round smoking cigars; tree frogs rattling on Boulevard A like a hose carriage going to a ten blow; big mountains dropping gravel in the back yards, and the sea licking the paint off in front—no, sir—a man had better be in God's country living on free lunch than there.

The main street ran along the beach, and I walked down it, and then turned up a kind of lane where the houses were made of poles and straw? I wanted to see what the monkeys did when they weren't climbing cocoanut trees. The very first shack I looked in, I saw my people. They must have come ashore while I was promenading. A man about fifty, smooth face, heavy eyebrows, dressed in black broadcloth, looking like he was just about to say: "Can any little boy in the Sunday school answer that?" He was freezing on to a grip that weighed like a dozen gold bricks; and a swell girl—a regular peach, with a Fifth Avenue cut, was sitting on a wooden chair. An old black woman was fixing some coffee and beans on a table. The light they had came from a lantern hung on a nail. I went and stood in the door, and they looked at me, and I said:

"Mr. Wahrfield, you are my prisoner. I hope, for the lady's sake, you will take the matter sensibly. You know why I want you."

"Who are you?" says the old gent.

"Flynn," says I, "of the Columbia Detective Bureau. Now, sir, let me give you some good advice. You go back and take your medicine like a man. They'll only give you a five, or, maybe, a seven spot, and they'll send you to one of the reform pens where you will only have to keep books, or feed the warden's chickens. Is this a country for a young lady like Miss Wahrfield to live in? You give up the cash and go back easy and I'll put in a good word for you. I'll give you five minutes to decide." I pulled out my watch and waited.

Then the young lady chipped in. I could see she was

one of the genuine high steppers, the kind that christen battleships and open chrysanthemum shows.

"Come inside," she says. "Don't stand in the door and disturb the whole street with that suit of clothes. Now, what is it you want?"

"Three minutes gone," I said. "I'll tell you again while the other two tick off. Wanted, in New York, J. Churchill Wahrfield, President of the Republic Loan and Trust Company. Also the funds belonging to said Company, now in that grip, in the unlawful possession of said J. Churchill Wahrfield."

"Oh-h-h-h!" says she, as if she was thinking, "you want to take us back to New York?"

"To take Mr. Wahrfield. There's no charge against you, miss. There'll be no objection, of course, to your returning with your father."

Of a sudden the girl gave a tiny scream and grabbed the old boy around the neck. "Oh, father, father!" she says, kind of contralto; "can this be true? Have you taken money that is not ours? Speak, father!" It made you shiver to hear the tremolo stop she put on her voice.

Old Loan and Trust looked pretty bughouse when she first grappled him, but she went on, whispering in his ear and patting his off shoulder till he stood still, but sweating a little.

She got him to one side and they talked together a minute, and then he put on some gold eyeglasses and walked up and handed me the grip.

"Mr. Detective," he says, talking a little broken, "I conclude to return with you. I have finished to discover that life on this desolate and displeased coast would be worse than to die, itself. I will go back and hurl myself upon the mercy of the Loan—Trust Company. Have you brought a sheep?"

"Sheep!" says I; "I haven't a single——"

"Ship," cut in the young lady. "Don't get funny. Father is of German birth, and doesn't speak perfect English. How did you come?"

The girl was all broke up. She had a handkerchief to her face, and kept saying every little bit: "Oh, father, father!" She walked up to me and laid her lily-white hand on the clothes that had pained her at first. I smelt a million violets. She was a lula. I told her I came in a private yacht.

"Mr. Flynn," she says. "Oh, take us away from this horrid country at once. Can you! Will you! Say you will."

"I'll try," I said, concealing the fact that I was dying to get them on salt water before they could change their mind.

One thing they both kicked against was going through the town to the boat landing. Said they dreaded publicity, and now that they were going to return, they had a hope that the thing might yet be kept out of the papers. They swore they wouldn't go unless I got them out to the yacht without any one knowing it, so I agreed to humor them.

The sailors who rowed me ashore were playing billiards in a bar-room near the water, waiting for orders, and I proposed to have them take the boat down the beach half a mile or so, and take us up there. How to get them word was the question, for I couldn't leave the grip with the prisoner, and I couldn't take it with me, not knowing but what the monkeys might stick me up.

The young lady says the old colored woman would take them a note. I sat down and wrote it, and gave it to the dame with plain directions what to do, and she grins like a baboon and shakes her head.

Then Mr. Wahrfield handed her a string of foreign dialect, and she nods her head and says, "See, Senor," maybe fifty times, and lights out with the note.

"Old Augusta only understands German," said Miss

Wahrfield, smiling at me. "We stopped in her house to ask where we could find lodging, and she insisted upon our having coffee. She tells us she was raised in a German family in San Domingo."

"Very likely," I said. "But you can search me for German words, except *nix verstay* and *noch einst*. I would have called that 'See, senior,' French, though, on a gamble."

Well, we three made a sneak around the edge of town so as not to be seen. We got tangled in vines and ferns and the banana bushes and tropical scenery a good deal. The monkey suburbs was as wild as places in Central Park. We came out on the beach a good half mile below. A brown chap was lying asleep under a coconut tree, with a ten-foot musket beside him. Mr. Wahrfield takes up the gun and pitches it in the sea. "The coast is guarded," he says. "Rebellion and plots ripen like fruit." He pointed to the sleeping man, who never stirred. "Thus," he says, "they perform trusts. Children!"

I saw our boat coming, and I struck a match and lit a piece of newspaper to show them where we were. In thirty minutes we were on board the yacht.

The first thing, Mr. Wahrfield and his daughter and I took the grip into the owner's cabin, opened it up, and took an inventory. There was two hundred and sixty thousand dollars in U. S. treasury certificates and bonds, besides a lot of diamond jewelry and a couple of hundred Havana cigars. I gave the old man the cigars and a receipt for the rest of the lot, as agent for the company, and locked the stuff up in my private quarters.

I never had a pleasanter trip than that one. After we got to sea, the young lady turned out to be the jolliest ever. The very first time we sat down to dinner, and the steward filled her glass with champagne—that director's yacht was a regular floating Waldorf-Astoria—she winks at me and says: "What's the use to borrow trouble, Mr. Fly Cop? Here's hoping you may live to eat the hen that scratches on your grave." There was a piano on board, and she sat down to it and sung better than you give up two cases to hear plenty times. She knew about nine operas clear through. She was sure enough *bon ton* and swell. She wasn't one of the "among others present" kind; she belonged on the special mention list!

The old man, too, perked up amazingly on the way. He passed the cigars, and says to me once, quite chipper, out of a cloud of smoke: "Mr. Flynn, somehow I think the Loan—Trust Company will not give me the much trouble. Guard well the grip—valise of the money, Mr. Flynn, for that it must be returned to them that it belongs when we finish to arrive."

When we landed in New York I phoned to the chief to meet us in that directors' office. We got in a cab and went there. I carried the grip, and we walked in, and I was pleased to see that the chief had got together that same old crowd of moneybugs with pink faces and white vests to see us march in. I set the grip on the table. "There's the money," I said.

"And your prisoner?" said the chief.

I pointed to Mr. Wahrfield, and he stepped forward and says: "The honor of a word with you, sir, to explain."

He and the chief went into another room and stayed ten minutes? When they came back the chief looked as black as a ton of coal.

"Did this gentleman," he says to me. "have this valise in his possession when you first saw him?"

"He did," said I.

The chief took up the grip and handed it to the prisoner with a bow, and says to the director crowd: "Do any of you recognize this gentleman?"

They all shook their pink faces.

"Allow me to present," he goes on, "Senor Miraflores, President of the Republic of Anchuria. The senior has generously consented to overlook this outrageous blunder, on condition that we undertake to secure him against the annoyance of public comment. It is a concession on his part to overlook an insult for which he might claim international redress. I think we can gratefully promise him secrecy in the matter."

They gave him a pink nod.

"Flynn," he says to me. "As a private detective you're wasted. In a war, where kidnapping governments is in the rules, you'd be invaluable. Come down to the office at eleven."

I knew what that meant.

"So that's the President of the monkeys," says I. "Well, why couldn't he have said so?"

Wouldn't it jar you?

We are brought, at length, to the contemplation of one known as Dr. Angel, a familiar figure among the foreign residents of the French capital. A brilliant blonde, addressed as Mlle. Gordon, often accompanies him in public. In cigars Dr. Angel is a connoisseur. The brand he smokes costs two francs each. He smokes them because he can afford to do so.

It only remains to designate the ultimate fate of the respectable sum of money in the valise which Frank Mackenzie dropped into the orange tree. To that end, and to do justice to Mr. Mackenzie's taste and honesty, the following extract from an article in a New York newspaper may opportunely be appended:

"It will be remembered that some months ago, J. Churchill Wahrfield, President of the Republic Loan and Trust Company of this city, absconded with nearly a quarter of a million dollars of the company's funds. Also, the sensational second act of this unusual financial drama, in which the entire missing sum was returned to the company, two weeks after Wahrfield's disappearance, through the medium of New Orleans bankers.

"Yesterday the *dénouement* occurred in the shape of a draft for \$17,869.24, which was received by the treasurer of the company; the amount being exactly identical with the published figures of the remainder of Wahrfield's shortage, as was determined by the expert accountant who examined the books.

"Of ex-President Wahrfield and his daughter, who left with him, and who was a society belle, nothing has since been heard. Chief Bayley of the Columbia Detective Bureau stated to-day, in an interview, that he sent, at the time of the flight, an experienced detective on a promising clue to the Central American coast, but that he returned without a trace of the fugitives.

"Of course, the only tenable theory is that Wahrfield repented of his deed soon after his departure, and returned the stolen funds. His shrewdness and financial ability must have caused Fortune to knock a second time at his door, to have enabled him to so promptly liquidate the remainder of the deficit.

"Thus closes a most unique incident in the business world, and, as Wahrfield will hardly make himself and his whereabouts known to the public again, the mystery of the restitution will, doubtless, never be explained."



J. Pierpont Morgan.

"At the present time Mr. Morgan controls more railroad mileage than any other man living."

THE MEN THAT CONTROL THE RAILROADS

By EARL D. BERRY

A RAILROAD president and a United States Senator were talking about Government ownership of railroads.

"I believe," said the Senator, "that it would be a good idea for this Government to buy and operate all the railroads in the United States."

"Well," replied the railroad president, smiling significantly, "if the Government has the money to pay for 200,000 miles of railroad, with an aggregate capitalization of nearly \$5,000,000,000, I can point out the shop where most of the goods can be bought."

"The shop?" echoed the Senator, inquiringly.

"That is what it amounts to, Senator. There are seven or eight men that control all the railroads of the United States, and most of them can be found in New York City on any business day."

"Who are they?" the Senator asked, eagerly.

Propounded in Wall Street, or in any assemblage of well-informed railroad men, this question will invariably elicit mention of these names:

J. Pierpont Morgan,	William K. Vanderbilt,
E. H. Harriman,	George J. Gould,
William Rockefeller,	Jacob H. Schiff,
James J. Hill,	A. J. Cassatt.

Sometimes the informant will name John D. Rockefeller instead of William. The name of Rockefeller is very much like the names Vanderbilt and Gould in a business sense. It stands for an affiliated family interest. The head of the Standard Oil Company, however, pays but little attention to railroad matters, leaving that particular activity to his brother William, who is a director in several important railroad corporations.

The fact that eight men should be in practical control of our railroads is primarily due to the enforcement of the federal laws enacted to prevent railroad combinations. Here is a striking paradox: The Supreme Court of the United States, in dissolving the

Joint Traffic Association, infused the breath of life into the "community of interest" idea. Prevented by the highest law in the land from forming traffic agreements or pools, the railroad owners felt bound to protect themselves by forming still greater combinations on the mutual ownership plan.

Chauncey M. Depew was president of the Joint Traffic Association, which was the most elaborate organization ever formed by American railroad men to preserve traffic harmony and prevent profit-destroying rate wars. When this association was declared to be in violation of both the anti-trust law and the Interstate Commerce act it was promptly dissolved. This was in the fall of 1898. Senator Depew pronounced a little funeral oration over it, saying in substance:

"This organization was a well-meant effort to protect the interests of the public and of the railroad stockholders by securing uniformity and stability of rates. We must, however, bow to the supremacy of the law. This decision of the United States Supreme Court means future concentration in the ownership of railroad properties. The stronger must absorb the weaker in order that the bankruptcy of all may be averted. Unless effective means are found to prevent wasteful rate wars, railroad securities will become an onerous burden instead of a source of income."

Some persons say that it was William K. Vanderbilt who first suggested the idea of "community of interest" which has developed with marvelous rapidity into the basic principle of railroad management in this country. Certain it is, that Mr. Vanderbilt, and the powerful financiers whose interests are closely allied with his, were the first ones to clasp hands in a protective mutual-ity of ownership. Having welded all the Vanderbilt lines into one compact system, William K. Vanderbilt was in a position to take the initiative in a movement to dominate the railroad situation between New York and Chicago. Mr. Vanderbilt and other members of his family became stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and

capitalists long identified with the last named property bought New York Central stock. Negotiations were opened for a close alliance between these two great interests.

W. K. Vanderbilt's sagacity, energy and thoroughness in working out the details of this far-reaching scheme surprised even his life-long associates. Prior to the illness and death of his elder brother, Cornelius, he had figured comparatively little in the management of the family's railroad interests. Most of his time was given up to foreign

bilt system. William K. grasped the reins of control with a degree of promptness and self-reliance that sent cold shivers down the back of many a high official who had begun to regard himself as indispensable to the Vanderbilt lines. The new head of the family was found to have a definite policy. Concentration, retrenchment and increased earnings, were his watchwords. "We must have these three," he declared, and in order to secure them he reorganized executive staffs, with a total disregard of sentimental considerations.

In President A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. Vanderbilt found an earnest and influential co-laborer in developing the "community of interest" idea. Conditions, which developed after the dissolution of the Joint Traffic Association, convinced the men in control of the railroads that, with the low rates of freight prevailing, it was essential that stringent measures should be taken to stop the practice of rate cutting, secret discriminations, and the payment of rebates. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania have long been the standard lines between the Atlantic seaboard and Chicago. The other roads rank as the differential lines. After a series of conferences it was agreed that the Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania interests should jointly control the entire trunk line situation and be responsible for the maintenance of rates and the preservation of stable traffic conditions.

Just here is where the "community of interest" idea sprouted. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and the Norfolk and Western Railroad were independent properties, and had been uncertain factors in the trunk line rate situation. It was necessary to control them. The Pennsylvania and the New York Central jointly bought control of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Pennsylvania purchased a controlling interest in



L. Atman photo.

William K. Vanderbilt.

"Some say that it was William K. Vanderbilt who first suggested the idea of 'community of interest,' which has developed into the basic principle of railroad management in this country."

travel and social pleasures. Veteran employees of the Vanderbilt lines, feeling that because they had begun service with "the Commodore," they were privileged to express their opinions, frequently shook their heads and muttered: "Who is going to succeed Cornelius? Willie K. has no business head."

The sudden stroke of paralysis which compelled Cornelius Vanderbilt's retirement from business was followed by a series of surprises, extending throughout the Vander-

the Norfolk and Western and secured absolute control of the Western New York and Pennsylvania.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, having been reorganized by a strong financial syndicate, was rapidly developing into an important trunk line. In order that there might be no friction between this road and the other Eastern trunk lines, the Pennsylvania Railroad bought large blocks of Baltimore and Ohio stock and secured a dominating voice in the management of the property. J. Pierpont Morgan, for many years affiliated with the Vanderbilts in the railroad field, held the control of the Erie, the Philadelphia and Reading and the Lehigh Valley. He bought the control of the Pennsylvania Coal Company and turned it over to the Erie Railroad. Next he bought the Jersey Central Railroad and added it to the Reading system. Possession of these properties gave him control of nearly everything in the anthracite coal territory, making him, W. K. Vanderbilt and President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the three arbiters of the destinies of the Eastern trunk lines. More recently James J. Hill has become an important factor in the Erie Railroad management.

Reaching out toward the West, the Vanderbilts bought the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis (Big Four system) and the Lake Erie and Western outright; they strengthened their hold on the Chicago and Northwestern, and are believed to be interested with E. H. Harriman in the control of the Union Pacific.

"Keep your eye on E. H. Harriman," said the late Collis P. Huntington to the writer not quite three years ago. "He is bound to be a big man in railroad affairs."

Mr. Harriman has developed rapidly into one of the most powerful forces in the

American railroad world. Small of stature, as was Jay Gould, he appears to have much of the restless energy, mental alertness and financial audacity that characterized Mr. Gould. Mr. Huntington, a pioneer in railroad construction, and the master-spirit of the Southern Pacific Railroad, admired Mr. Harriman's ability and self-reliance; but Mr. Huntington never dreamed that within a few months of his own death, Mr. Harriman would become the controlling power in the great Southern Pacific system, with its



Davis & Sanford photo.

A. J. Cassatt.

President of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

"... one of the most forceful spirits in this movement toward mutuality of interest in railroad properties."

\$200,000,000 of capital and its 10,000 miles of railroad.

Closely associated with Mr. Harriman in the so-called Harriman syndicate are Jacob H. Schiff, head of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company; James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, and others. This syndicate is practically accomplishing in the Middle West the same concentration of railroad ownership that has been

accomplished in the East by the Vanderbilt-Morgan-Pennsylvania combination. Chief among the roads now controlled by Mr. Harriman and his friends are, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Illinois Central, the Chicago and Alton, the Kansas City Southern and the Chicago Terminal and Transfer Company. The influence of this syndicate is constantly extending. Its financial ramifications are not fully known, but there have been plain indications within the last few months that both W. K. Van-

road systems and the concentration of railroad interests. He has been exerting a potent influence upon the rate situation in the West, and is at the head of an advisory committee of financiers appointed to co-operate with the Western Railroad presidents in maintaining freight rates.

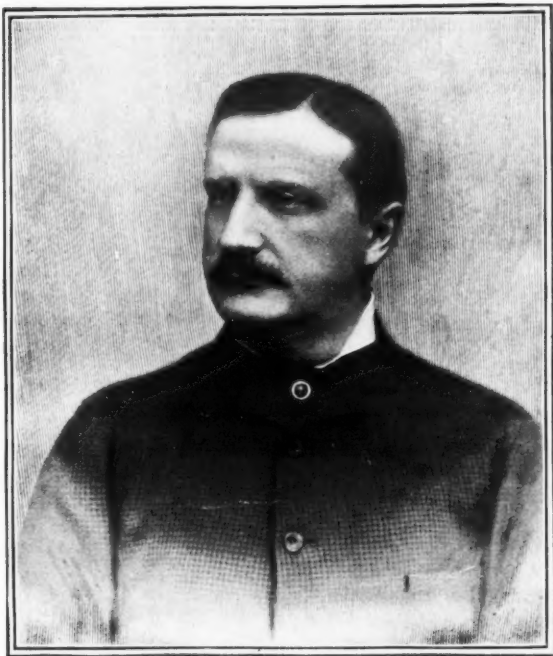
One of the strongest arguments for a still further development of the "community of interest" plan, rests on the fact that it has not yet been found possible to hold all the Western railroads to a rate agreement.

Periodical rate wars cut seriously into the profits of the Western roads. Traffic managers apparently cannot be educated up to the point of trusting one another. At a conference held in this city a few months ago, representatives of more than forty railroads in the West pledged themselves to restore regular rates at once and to make no special rates for any one. After the conference the president of a large transcontinental line remarked to a newspaper man:

"Two of those fellows who promised to stop rate-cutting right away have got reduced-rate contracts with large shippers in their pockets, and I know that they do not intend to abrogate those contracts."

This incident recalls the famous "Gentleman's Agreement," which was formed by the presidents of all the Western railroads more than a dozen years ago. All other ex-

pedients for maintaining rates having failed, these presidents got together and each one pledged his personal word that his road would enforce the regular tariff. This agreement did not last three months, and it is chiefly memorable because of a remark made by President Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, to Jay Gould when the agreement was being considered in the old Windsor Hotel in New York. Mr. Gould was laying stress on the importance of having each president pledge his honor to stand by the new agreement.



William Rockefeller.

"A director in several important railroad corporations."

derbilt and George J. Gould are very friendly to Mr. Harriman. Mr. Schiff, of the Harriman syndicate, and George J. Gould are both directors of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and there is excellent ground for the belief that a mutuality of interest is forming between the Colorado lines and the extensive Southwestern system controlled by the Goulds. In fact George J. Gould is already practically in control of the Denver and Rio Grande system.

Mr. Harriman's activities have not been confined entirely to the combining of rail-

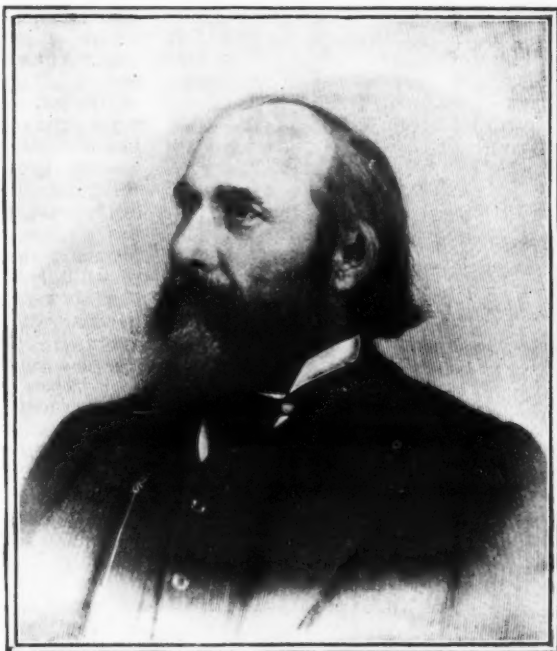
Mr. Stickney said: "What will that amount to, Mr. Gould? I would not believe any railroad president under oath when a question of rates is the issue."

Probably no American of the present generation has impressed his personality on the financial world with such distinctness as has J. Pierpont Morgan. As an organizer and a reorganizer of railroad properties he has no peer; and at the present time he controls more railroad mileage than any other man living. The principal railroads in which his personal influence is paramount are the great Southern Railway system, to which has just been added the Mobile and Ohio; the Northern Pacific, the Erie, the Philadelphia and Reading, the Jersey Central, the Lehigh Valley and the Monon system. Mr. Morgan is also influential in the management of the New York Central, the Big Four, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the Baltimore and Ohio and a dozen lines of less importance.

Mr. Morgan's relations with the Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers are very close, and representing, as he now does individually, enormous and far-reaching financial interests, he is a leading factor in the development of the "community of interest" idea. There are no rate-cutting railroads among those controlled by him. From the very nature of his commanding position in the financial world Mr. Morgan appreciates keenly the necessity of preserving the stability of values and upholding business credit. As the process of concentrating railroad stock-holdings progresses, J. Pierpont Morgan's dominating influence will become more and more clear and comprehensible to the public mind.

Mr. Morgan is not a popular man in the common acceptance of the term. His brusqueness of manner and sharpness of speech discompose and irritate even experienced business men who encounter him for the first time. The noted banker is too

intense in his business methods to suit men of small calibre. Whether in his own office, at a bankers' conference, or in a directors' meeting, he is a driver with no time to waste. He knows just what he wants at all times and insists upon having it if he believes it to be the right thing. He has no patience with men of vacillating mind, and no use for drones. Unless a man has a clear head and thoroughly understands himself, he cannot do business with J. Pierpont Morgan. When not in Europe, where he goes



Zimmerman photo.

James J. Hill.

"The autocrat of the Great Northern Railroad and a director in several other railroad corporations."

two or three times each year, Mr. Morgan can be found each day in his banking office in Wall Street. He is as faithful in his attention to business as is his humblest clerk, and he is thoroughly informed concerning everything that goes on in his office. Although he has four or five able partners, his will dominates every transaction.

No man has taken a more earnest part in developing the "community of interest" idea than James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad and a director in several other railroad corporations. Mr. Hill

is a man of energy and quick decision, and once he makes up his mind that a thing is desirable to do, he proceeds to do it with all his might.

"The community of interest idea is growing in favor," he said, not long ago. "Small lines of railroad, with few exceptions, are not likely to grow all by themselves, so it is much better for them to join interests with strong lines. It is not necessary that the roads should consolidate, although in many instances a more economical administration could undoubtedly be obtained by such a course. The time is coming when the community of interest will be so perfected that small lines of road will be cut off from connecting traffic so as to make an independent policy on their part unprofitable."

Mr. Hill is the autocrat of the Great Northern Railroad. Since Commodore Vanderbilt's time there has not been so complete an instance of one-man-power at the head of a great railroad system as is presented in the case of President Hill. He



Ames Dupont photo.

Jacob H. Schiff.

"... a powerful factor in the Harriman syndicate."

evolves policies and executes them, his directors bowing to his will with dignified but unanimous docility. Men in the employ of the Great Northern know that unless they satisfy James J. Hill their fate is sealed. There is no other court of appeal. And President Hill has the reputation of being "very particular," to use the cautious phrase of his subordinates.

One day Mr. Hill walked into the office of a high official of the Great Northern Railroad, in St. Paul, and brusquely announced:

"Mr. —, I do not think that you and myself are well mated. Your successor will report for duty to-morrow."

This high official had been drawing a salary of \$10,000 per year for a long time, and he had grown into the belief that he was a fixture in the Great Northern service. But he went without arguing the question with Mr. Hill.

When James J. Hill was elected a director of the Erie Railroad a few months ago, there was trepidation among many of the employees of that company, for the report was passed from lip to lip that Great Northern methods were to be applied to the affairs of the Erie. Mr. Hill is economical as well as exacting. He does not believe in having too many heads of departments, and he is averse to hiring two men to perform duties that can be performed by one "quick and alert" man. It is the "quick and alert" type of man that has the least to fear from this pushing, dominating and successful railroad president.

In order to preserve harmony and a prosperous railroad peace in the Northwestern territory, Mr. Hill secured a large interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad, which is the Great Northern's natural rival. An effort was made to combine these two properties under Mr. Hill's management, but an adverse public sentiment and anti-consolidation statutes of the several states traversed by the two roads, compelled a speedy abandonment of this project. No public sentiment nor laws, however, could prevent Mr. Hill and his friends from becoming large stockholders in the Northern Pacific, and now it is the common belief that should a buyer come to market with sufficient money to pay for the control of the Northern Pacific he need negotiate with but two men, viz., J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill.

Within the past few months interests allied with Mr. Hill have bought largely of the stock of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and there are indications

that in due time that prosperous system will be brought into closer relationship with the Northern Pacific.

George J. Gould is a strong believer in the "community of interest" idea. "I am satisfied that the welfare of the public, as well as the interests of the railroads, can best be protected by concentration of railroad ownership," Mr. Gould remarked only a few weeks ago, and he added this prediction: "You will see in the near future more important railroad combinations than have yet been made."

The Gould system of railroads includes more than 10,000 miles of line. Besides the great Missouri Pacific system, which thrusts its multitudinous branches and spurs into every important section of the Southwest, the Gould family controls the St. Louis Southwestern (popularly known as the Cotton Belt Line), the Wabash, the International and Great Northern, and the Texas Pacific Railroad. The unfolding of near events, it is believed, will place some, if not all, of the railroads in the Colorado region in the list of Gould properties.

Both George J. and Edwin Gould inherit from their father a taste for railroad management as well as uncommon business sagacity. The many millions of railroad securities left by Jay Gould were divided pretty evenly between his four sons and two daughters, but with the exception of \$5,000,000 given to George outright as compensation for services rendered, the entire estate was placed in trust, so that there has been no splitting of interests, and all the Gould railroads are managed harmoniously and with singleness of purpose. George J. Gould, as the executive head of the family, has the loyal support of his brothers and sisters.

A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, is regarded as one of the most forceful spirits in this movement toward mutuality of interest in railroad properties. He is a man of affairs in the most comprehensive sense of the word. The possessor of an independent fortune, he is also the trusted representative of many influential capitalists in this country and abroad. As the result of his cordial and skilful co-operation with William K. Vanderbilt, the Pennsylvania-New York Central interests have no important rivals in the great stretch of country west of Philadelphia and New York, and east of Chicago and St. Louis.

Vanderbilt, Morgan and Cassatt have thoroughly performed their part in the "com-

munity of interest" amalgamation throughout the East. If the Harriman syndicate and Gould and Hill weld the Western railroad interests together as firmly, there will be a



George J. Gould.

"The Gould system of railroads includes more than 10,000 miles of line."

practical alliance of fully three-quarters of the railroad mileage in this country. Jacob H. Schiff, the head of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., is a powerful factor in the Harriman syndicate, and the Rockefeller railroad interest is closely affiliated with Mr. Morgan. The Rockefellers completely control the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, and their influence is potent in the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford. Young John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is developing an uncommon degree of shrewdness and adroitness as a railroad man. He is already a director in three different railroad companies, and within the past year he has been accredited a large purchaser of Missouri Pacific shares. A closer affiliation between the Gould and Rockefeller interests in the Southwest is looked for.

There are a few big railroad systems that are not controlled by any member or members of the dominant combination, but such

roads are so situated that self-interest will compel them to co-operate with the controlling powers. The Atchison transcontinental system, for instance, although an independent line, is already heartily co-operating with Mr. Harriman and his associates in establishing uniform and stable rates. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Rock Island, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and the Louisville and Nashville—all large systems—have manifested a disposition to dwell in perfect harmony with their neighbors.

President Cassatt journeyed from Philadelphia to New York one day to attend a conference in the New York Central offices. He met W. K. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan, Chauncey M. Depew, H. McK. Twombly, William Rockefeller, and President S. R. Callaway. The conference was held with closed doors, but, in due time, there leaked out some remarks made by Mr. Cassatt relative to the high grade of executive men who are now in charge of the operation of most of the railroads in this country.

"I never knew a time," said Mr. Cassatt, "when there were so many thoroughly capable railroad men up near the top. I am proud of the fine showing made by the American railroad executives."

Actual conditions justify President Cassatt's eulogy. The leading railroads of the United States were never so well officered as now, and the general condition of the properties never before reached so high a standard. Conspicuous gains have been made in the earning capacity of nearly all the roads. New methods are developing to meet new conditions, and the successful railroad president of to-day must solve much greater problems than any that vexed even the ablest of his predecessors. Shareholders are watching with deepest interest and no little admiration, the effective work of railroad rehabilitation that is being carried on in so many different quarters.

Conservative railroad men, who have studied the situation carefully, agree with Chairman Martin Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission that even the extraordinary progress made by a few capitalists in consolidating the railroad interests of this country will fall short of curing the evils of competitive rate manipulation unless there

is legislation which will give to some lawfully constituted authority unquestioned supervising powers. Chairman Knapp says: "Consolidation will not be effective in the West. There are too many diverse interests. Dominant shareholding interests may regulate and control the autocratic output in the East by placing in the hands of a few the various roads handling that commodity, but there will be competition in other respects. I do not regard consolidation as the solution of the railroad problems. Legislation is necessary and legislation of the proper sort. Whatever improvement the railroads have achieved in the matter of complying with tariff rates is purely ephemeral. Their pledges and agreements are ropes of sand, and the first depression in commercial conditions will demonstrate the truth of this assertion. Western railroad executives have acknowledged that their efforts to effect permanent tariff improvement have been in vain, and there is now a movement among the roads to come together and meet the Interstate Commerce Commission and the shippers, in an effort to secure adequate legislation."

Notwithstanding the lack of perfect laws, and notwithstanding the inability of traffic managers to work together in harmony, there are abundant indications of a steady and healthful growth of the railroad industry of this country. According to the latest compilation of railroad statistics, the aggregate amount of outstanding stocks and bonds of the railroads of the United States slightly exceeds \$9,500,000,000. The gross earnings of all of these railroads for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, was in round numbers \$1,500,000,000, an increase over the preceding year of \$167,000,000. The net income for the same year amounted to \$525,000,000, an increase of about \$67,000,000, and more than \$110,000,000 was distributed in dividends after the payment of nearly \$400,000,000 in interest on bonds.

Conservatism in the construction of new railroad lines has been observed for several years. Over-production in this respect has practically ceased, and a significant phase of the "community of interest" idea is a tacit agreement that no railroad company shall build into another railroad's territory without first obtaining the consent of the occupant of the territory to be invaded.

A WALL TENT BEWITCHMENT

By GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

Author of "The Heritage of Unrest."



LIFE, as it had for the past two months presented itself to the mind of Miss Merivale, had been one long picnic. She had come from New York and brownstone to the frontier and wall tents, and nothing was as anything had ever been before.

She took kindly to the change. She liked to look across the hot, white prairie for miles and miles and to have nothing but two thicknesses of canvas between herself and a blazing sky.

There were only a couple of minor drawbacks, the ants and the rats. But these did not matter especially. If you put the table legs in tomato tins of water, and hung your commissaries in wire closets that swung clear of the walls and the floor, the question of ants was disposed of. And if the rats did run away with a glove or a riding whip, now and then, there were plenty of lieutenants—ay, and captains, too—ready and more than willing to replace them.

When Miss Merivale had thought about it at all, in the circumscribed and conventional days of New York and brownstone aforesaid, she had thought that tents were necessarily round at the bottom and peaked at the top, with a stove pipe sticking out above—Sibleys, in short, though she was not aware of that.

But the Hamiltons' tents were large and rectangular; with the exception of the "A" in which the cook lived; and they were floored and framed. They had flies to conduce to comfort, and buffalo robes and skins and Navajo blankets, by way of the element of the picturesque.

Miss Merivale was visiting the Hamiltons and they were giving her the kind of a time, which it took all of her adjectives and a good deal of Captain Hamilton's foolscap to tell about, when she wrote home. That is to say, the captain put his tents and the horses of his troop at her disposal and his striker might fetch and carry as she chose.

Beyond this there was nothing to be done. Life in the midst of a flat plain, bounded by faint blue mountains far away, offers no more variety than lies within the individuals

who may be temporarily set down upon the desert's face.

There were no hops, and to dine at another's tent meant to see the same people you saw every day and to eat precisely what you would have eaten at home.

As for the railway, it was so far away that it might as well not have been.

But Miss Merivale was not conscious of any monotony. The bachelors, whose duty is, in times of peace, to make things pleasant for visiting girls, saw to that. And what they failed to supply in the way of interest, Miss Gail made up. Miss Gail was the other girl in the camp, and she furnished the spice of rivalry. She was fully as nice and as pretty as Miss Merivale, though in a different way. Without her there would have been no competition, and Miss Merivale was not the kind of a girl who was content to win at a walk.

But was she winning? She wondered about that now, as she stood in front of the tent and looked down toward the picket lines, where she could see Bourke saddling her sorrel. Bourke was the Hamiltons' striker, and he was under standing orders to bring Miss Merivale's horse up every morning, directly after reveille. Miss Merivale always arose at first call for reveille, for no other reason than that at home she was wont to sleep several hours later.

Herein she had the advantage over Miss Gail, who was not led away by the novelty of the thing, as she had been born to it, and who therefore lost a large part of the day which Miss Merivale put to good use. Miss Gail, however, sat up late at night, after Miss Merivale had gone to bed, and starlight on the plains is a very romantic time. On the other hand—as any one who has tried it knows—you can do a half day's work in sixty minutes before breakfast, and Miss Merivale never took the rides alone.

Russel was going with her on this particular morning, as he made a practice of do-

ing three times out of four. Afterward he stopped to breakfast with the Hamiltons, and spent the morning with them and lunched there and spent the afternoon there, and, as a rule, stayed to dinner if he was asked. If he was not, he generally asked himself. Officially he lived at the bachelors' mess, but the paying of his mess bill was a mere formality. He took his meals with the Hamiltons, which, in civil life, might be sponging, but in the service is a right and proper enough thing to do.

Bourke, mounted upon a horse which he guided by a halter shank, and leading Miss Merivale's horse, came up from the picket line. Simultaneously Russel stepped forth from his tent and mounted the charger his striker held for him. Then he trotted over to the Hamiltons' quarters.

"Morning," he whispered, and Miss Merivale nodded her head and smiled. The Hamiltons were still asleep, down to the last, least baby of the family, and it was stipulated that their slumbers were not to be sacrificed to any youthful and tenderfoot enthusiasms. Russel dismounted and ran his arm through his reins. Then Miss Merivale put her foot in his palm. "One, two, *three*," he counted, and she sprang into the saddle. He settled her skirt as she stood up in the stirrup; but he shook his head and knitted his brows as he looked up at her. "What are you wearing that *sombrero* for?" he asked in stifled tones. "That *sombrero*" was a child's hat, belonging to a young Hamilton. It was of the sailor variety, with two ribbons hanging at the side.

"Rats," said Miss Merivale. "It must have been. My cap was on the dressing-table last night."

"Come over to my tent," he whispered, "and we'll see what we can do."

It is a rule as old as his profession that a good soldier must never be unprepared. Russel was not, now. He went into his tent and rummaged in a trunk, and presently he came out with a small paper package done in tissue paper. "There, try that," he said. She tried it and it fitted her head to a degree. It was a round cap of blue cloth, with a gold cord, two brass buttons and a cross-sabres, with the number of Russel's regiment done on the front. Inside there was the mark of a military tailor, "back East," whose fame was considerable even to the frontier. It was plainly made to order, after the pattern of the one Russel wore himself, and which was called, at a time within the memory of majors, a Japonica-sneezer.

Miss Merivale smiled as she tossed the child's hat to him. "I suspect you," she said, "of having spirited the other hat away."

Russel danced around, with one foot in the dust and the other in the stirrups. His horse was of restive breed. "No," he said, as he flung his leg over the cantle, and came around to her side. "I brought a plague of rats upon the land, that's all. Shall we go out to the herd?"

She nodded.

They always went to the herd or to the ranch-house six miles away across the plain. There were no other objective points. At the ranch house you could get milk, too, which was a rarity and a great luxury.

The plains are very beautiful in the early morning. They have a sweet, dry smell, and the sands take on pink and golden lights, and there is upon them a peace which passeth the understanding of those who have not experienced it. Miss Merivale thought about this as they galloped along the road. She thought also of a matter which Russel presently put in words.

"Gee whiz!" he said, "do you know that there are only four more days of this?"

"Yes," she answered, "I know it." She met his eyes, and the tears came into her own. That annoyed her; with herself, to be sure, but she avenged it on him.

"May I have the next three rides?" he asked. She shrugged her shoulders.

"We'll see," she said. She knew the power of those words to exasperate children, and she believed they might do the same with a man.

Russel's face fell. "But why can't you tell me now?" he asked. "I want to know now." It was so very much as a child would have said it that she smiled, involuntarily.

"Oh! things might happen."

"What things, for instance? I can't quite see what could happen here." He was growing a little cross, and Miss Merivale thought that was fun.

"Can't you, though?" she teased. "Lots of things might happen that you might not know about."

"Are you going with some one else?"

"—and if I were?"

"If you were you wouldn't go with me, I dare say."

"Obviously not."

"Well, are you?"

"We'll see."

She looked in his face again, and this time she laughed aloud. But he did not.

She was more than ordinarily sweet in the cap. It became her.

"You can be awfully mean, sometimes can't you, though?" he said, bitterly.

"Can I? If you don't like me as I am, you had better go play with some other little girl," she mocked.

"Thanks," he told her. "perhaps I will." And all the way back to the camp he was pointedly civil and very distant.

"Coming to breakfast?" called Hamilton, from within the tent, as they halted in front of it. "There are quails again."

"Sorry," said Russel, "but I'm breakfasting with the Gails."

He had not been invited, but that was a mere detail.

Miss Merivale flushed as pink as the light which had sometimes since gone out of the eastern sky, because the captain's chuckle and low whistle were perfectly audible. She gave her horse an unnecessary hard slap with the palm of her hand as she turned it loose to seek the picket line.

"If you see Smith, send him along then," called Hamilton.

As Miss Merivale was to Miss Gail, so was Russel to Smith.

"Very well," said Russel, and departed in front of a little wake of white dust.

He did not see Smith: but by way of making himself as utterly wretched as possible, he went to the mess tent and looked him up.

"I say," he informed him, "you're wanted over at the Hamiltons," and he added, "to eat quails."

"Quails be blowed!" Smith had had quails some thirty days out of the month; "but you bet your sweet life I'll go." And he took up his forage cap forthwith and went, at what was, as nearly as compatible with his official dignity, a run.

Miss Merivale was not glad to see him, but he had no way of knowing that, so he stayed until retreat.

When she went off to take her siesta after luncheon, he stretched himself out in a big camp chair and read a magazine, and waited. The other lieutenants came and went during the day, but Russel did not come, and Smith did not go.



"One, two, three," he counted, and she sprang into the saddle."

Russel was spending his day with Miss Gail, and growing crosser every hour.

When, in the course of the morning, she proposed walking over to the Hamiltons' he objected. He was very comfortable where he was, he said. This Miss Gail could never have inferred from his visible restlessness. So, being a young person of tact and quite the average amount of perception, she reached the conclusion that something had gone wrong.

She was certain of it when, just before stables, the voice of Smith singing to the accompaniment of Miss Merivale's guitar was borne to them on the hot prairie wind. Smith sang very well indeed. Then Miss Merivale's contralto joined his baritone, and Russel fairly writhed in his chair.

Most girls would have rejoiced, but Miss Gail was of a better sort; and, moreover, she had no taste for catching on the rebound.

She smiled and laid her hand persuasively on Russel's arm. "Don't be a goose," she said. "Come over to the tent and make up."

Russel was an injured being, and very ill-used. He raised his eyebrows haughtily. "There is nothing to 'make up,' Miss Gail. And we would probably be *de trop*." When he wished to be especially impressive he was wont to have recourse to West Point French.

Because he had been at the Hamiltons' since before guard mounting did not strike Smith as being any reason why he should not return there immediately after mess, and stay until tattoo, and so he returned, and was fortunate enough to get a full hour to himself. The Hamiltons had gone to call at another tent, and the quartermaster, who had been to dinner, had it borne in upon him that he was a third, and took his departure before long.

Thereupon Smith settled down to say what he had long been meditating. But he was unfortunate in his very beginning.

"I say! Do you realize, Miss Madelaine, that we break camp in just three days?"

Miss Merivale realized it perfectly, and miserably, but she answered, "So we do," quite as though she had not given it a thought up to then.

"And you go East, don't you?" He knew well enough that she did.

"And you," said Miss Merivale, determined to be flippant if she wept in the attempt, "you go yet farther West, young man."

"Don't you like the West better than the East?" he asked. He meant it to be merely

casual, but the way he bent forward with his hands clasped tensely about his knee, and his face unduly pale, gave an effect of earnestness which Miss Merivale did not fancy at all.

She took up the guitar and leaned back among the skins and cushions of the couch, picking at a chord. "Summer camps are all very well," she said, discouragingly, "and, of course, I've had a beautiful time, but my tastes are varied and complex ones only to be satisfied in civilization."

It was impersonal enough, but it discouraged him for the time being. At length, however, just as he was going, he tried again.

"May I ride with you in the morning?" he asked, turning at the opening of the tent and holding back the flap.

Miss Merivale looked down at the big knot-hole in the floor and hesitated. "No," she said, "I'm afraid not." Then she raised her eyes to his face in a firm resolve. "I may not go at all; but if I do, it will be with some one else. I am so sorry," she added; "really I am."

Smith was sorry, too, and she heard him stumble over a tent peg in the outer darkness as he walked dejectedly away.

Then she went back to the kitchen, where Bourke was sitting on the end of a potato box, talking to the cook.

"I've a note I want you to take to Mr. Russel's quarters, on your way back to the troop to-night," she said.

"If ye'll place it on the captain's desk, miss, under the red ink bottle, I'll get it when I close up, miss." It was the way they usually arranged it.

"There won't be any answer," she said.

It was not a long note, but it was of a humility and sweetness to have softened a much harder heart than Russel's was, and the trend of it was that she would ride with him the next morning, and the next, and the next, if he still wanted her to, and that she was sorry she had been ungrateful after the pretty cap.

She folded it into a cocked hat, like an officer of the day notice, as he had taught her, and addressed it and put it under the bottle of red ink. Then she went back to the kitchen. "Don't forget the note, Bourke," she reminded, and withdrew to her own tent.

In the early morning before yet the sun was fairly up in the sky, she stood outside, gathering her gray linen riding skirt about her and looking over to Russel's tent.



"She took up the guitar and leaned back among the skins and cushions of the couch, picking a chord."

His horse was there, a nice, big strawberry roan, circling round and round the hitching post, in the ring of hard earth its uneasy hoofs had made. Her own was being saddled down on the picket line.

Presently it was led toward her by a man of Captain Hamilton's troop, who was not Bourke. At the same moment, Miss Gail's cow-pony went up to her tent.

Miss Merivale saw it and was puzzled. Never, save once before, had Miss Gail ridden before guard mounting; and that had been with a party.

The man who had brought up her horse explained that Bourke was not feeling very

well. "Where is he?" asked Miss Merivale. She had been in camp long enough to know what that excuse might mean.

"Well, I guess he's in the guard-tent, maybe, miss," the man grinned. "But I thought you would be wanting to go out as usual, miss."

It was unfortunate, especially as the Hamiltons would be very busy packing and would need help; but strikers were expected to be frail at times.

"When did he go to the guard-tent?" she asked, thinking of her note.

He told her that it had been that morning at reveille, and she was satisfied.

Just then Russel came out of his quarters and led his roan—yes, Miss Merivale could hardly believe her eyes—he led it to the Gails' tent and stopped there. Miss Gail stepped forth and joined him.

"Anything more you would be wishing,



"Captain Hamilton raised his revolver."

miss?" asked the soldier. Miss Merivale took her resolve quickly, without so much as an outward sign of hesitation. But her face was scarlet with anger, nevertheless.

"Yes, you may mount me, if you will," she said, and sprang to the saddle from his hand. Then she settled her toe in the stirrup and started for her first ride alone.

She passed Miss Gail and Russel on their way to the ranch-house and the bow she gave him was very cold. What he had done merited nothing less than the cut direct, but she considered public quarrels vulgar and always to be avoided, if possible.

From then until the day they struck camp she was not happy at all. The visit was ending dismally. Neither Smith nor Russel had come to the tent again, and the Hamiltons looked their reproach. They had meant to

have her in the troop, or failing that, in the regiment, at least. But it seemed that she did not fit in with their plans.

So on the morning of the last day, the ambulance and the horses and the baggage-wagon waited, and Bourke, who had recovered, was bossing the moving of the trunks and boxes; humble toward his captain, but authoritative as regarded everybody else.

The Hamiltons and Miss Merivale stood in front of the tents, and Russel came stiffly up. His terms with Miss Merivale were, at any rate, not such as to forbid him to tell her good-by. And besides he had to speak to Hamilton on official matters. He was stopping behind with the troop a day to see to the proper breaking-up of camp.

He told Miss Merivale, with much presence of mind, that it would probably be a dusty ride to the railroad; to which she replied that it doubtless would. And, not to make the conversation conspicuously strained, she added that it was only a distance of twenty miles, however.

The captain came to the rescue. "I say, Russel," he suggested, "you'll probably find about half our household property and personal effects under the tent floors, in the rat nests. Just bring along anything of any account, will you?" But Russel and Miss

Merivale thought simultaneously of the Japonica-sneezer, and things were not much bettered.

Then that happened which frequently does happen, even in garrisons of the best regulated sort.

There was a delay occasioned by something wrong with the baggage-wagon wheel, and with the ambulances near Wheeler's breeching strap.

Captain Hamilton was restive.

"Never mind," said Russel, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll slaughter some rats, to make a holiday. I'll have the floors ripped up and you can pop at them as they run."

"Do," cried Miss Merivale, hailing the relief.

"Then," went on the lieutenant, "if there are any of your traps there, you can gather them in yourself."

So the camp, with its loins girded and its shoes on its feet, gathered around to watch, and the men appeared, bearing axes and picket-pins and a crowbar. The boards came up and the rats came out, and scattered and ran; but not a bullet hit them.

There were many long-lost things in the

nest. There was a little pin cushion full of pins, and a celluloid comb and a riding crop, and three chewed gloves, and some potatoes and candles, and a number of other things. Also there was a blue jockey cap, with a hole gnawed through the peak.

Russel pulled it out and took it to Miss Merivale, without a word. As he handed it to her, he gave it a shake and a slap, against his coat sleeve. A good deal of fine dust flew out, and a scrap of paper fell to the ground. It was folded ingeniously, like an officer of the day notice, into a cocked hat.

Russel stooped down and picked it up. It was addressed to himself, so he opened it.

Miss Merivale was not looking at him; she was ruefully considering the jockey cap, which had been hers, and twisting the button on top.

Russel touched her on the shoulder and held the piece of paper before her eyes.

She glanced at it, then flushed with annoyance and reached out her hand to take it away.

"Oh! no, you don't," objected Russel. "Now that I've got it, I'll keep it. When was it written?"

"The same night that Bourke took it to your quarters, of course," she said. She had caught a glimpse of the penitent words, and she was furious with herself and with him.

"Did you ever happen to ask Bourke if he had delivered it?" Russel persisted. He was smiling broadly and with great cheerfulness.

"He only came out of the guard-house today," said Miss Merivale, loftily. "And, in any case, I should not have asked him."

"Shouldn't you, then? It might have been just as well to have done it, though. Do you know where I found this, Madge? In the rat nest there."

Miss Merivale looked up at him and a smile began to creep over her face.

Then there came a loud rip and a bang. The first board was up from the dining-tent floor. An evil-visaged old gray rat stuck out his head and gazed stupidly about, dazzled by the glare.

Captain Hamilton raised his revolver.

"Oh!" begged Miss Merivale, catching at his arm. "Don't shoot him, please! The poor, nice old rat."

THE SHADOWING PAST

By ARTHUR STRINGER

He followed me with hound-like tread,
He dogged me night and day.
Each time I dreamed that he was dead
There at my door he lay.

"Though once I harbored this old Hound,
By what right does he stay?"
So him at last I caught and bound,
And rode long miles away.

Dark paths with many a twist I took,
Strange woods with twilight dim;
Through by-ways thick with turn and crook
Alone I carried him.

His last cries in a tarn I drowned,
And hurried home once more.
Lo, waiting there, my old gaunt Hound
Stood whining at the door!

THE WORD TO THE WATER PEOPLE

By BLISS CARMAN

Who hath uttered the formless whisper,
The rumor afloat on the tide,
The need that speaks in the heart,
The craving that will not bide?

For the word without shape is abroad,
The vernal portent of change;
And from winter grounds, empty to-morrow,
The fin-folk will gather and range.

It runs in the purple currents,
Swaying the idle weed;
It creeps by the walls of coral,
Where the keels of the ebb recede;

It calls in the surf above us,
In thunder of reef and key,
And where the green day filters
Through soundless furlongs of sea.

It moves where the moving sea-fans
Shadow the white sea-floor;
It stirs where the dredging sand-runs
Furrow and trench and score.

In channel and cave it finds us,
In the curve of the Windward Isles,
In the sway of the heaving currents,
In the run of the long sea-miles.

In the green Floridian shallows,
By marshes hot and rank,
And below the reach of soundings
Off the Great Bahaman Bank.

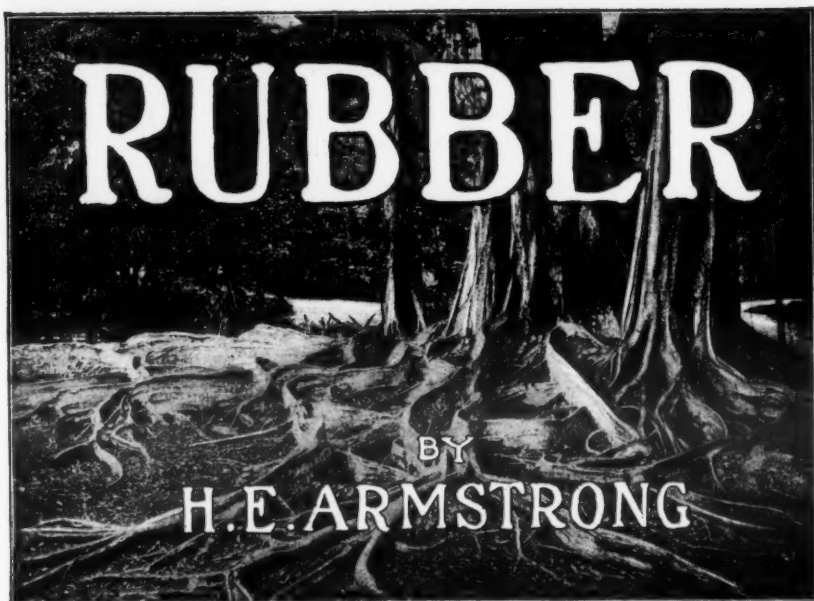
The tribes of the water people,
Scarlet and yellow and blue,
Are awake, for the old sea-magic
Is on them to rove anew.

They will ride in the great sea-rivers,
And feed in the warm land streams,
By cliffs where the gulls are nesting,
By capes where the blue berg gleams.

The fleet and shining thousands
Will follow the trackless lead
Of the bidding that rises in them,
The old ancestral need.

Will they mistrust or falter,
Question or turn or veer?
Will they put off their harness of color,
Or their gaudy hues ungear?

Eager, unwasted, undaunted,
They go and they go. They have heard
The lift of the faint strong summons,
The lure of the watery word.



Rubber Tree, Assam, India.

MAN, from the cradle to the grave, is related to rubber. It tips the infant's nursing bottle and soothes his pregnant gums; as the rattle, it fills his face with bland delight, and in the indestructible horse or the nigger doll, it presents him with his first toy. Outgrown the nurse's arms, he bounces the painted ball; anon, he gets his first engine of war, the catapult, with which he pelts the innocent birds or besieges the cat upon the tiles. A few years more and he fleets with the wind on the tired bicycle, punches the glancing bag or follows the spheroid in the fierce clash of bone and brawn on the football field. Rubber is with him always: At his work and play, in health and sickness. He drives his love behind the shining colt on plates of rubber, or whirls her to the opera in an "auto" on wheels of rubber. Shod with it, and wearing his raincoat, he cheats pneumonia. In the cushion of his billiard table it speeds the ball on its clicking way. It makes the mouthpiece of his pipe and the pouch which holds his tobacco. It enters into his shooting coat in the wilderness and into the blanket he spreads at night. As the life-preserver, it comforts him in the prospect of shipwreck. In his office it appears in many forms—in the eraser on his desk, the stamp for his name, the band for his papers, the receiver

which he holds at the telephone, the window strips which keep out the blast, the spring which closes his door without sound. He is ill, and the icebag cools his brow; age creeps on him and the air seat indulges his bones; his teeth fail him and the dentist supplies him with gums from the ever-present material; and when life's fitful fever is over, there's a rubber cover for his casket.

The world was a long time learning the uses and value of rubber. For two centuries after the Spaniards saw the gum in the hands of natives of the new world, it was little more than a curiosity. Old Herrea, who went with Columbus on his second voyage, made a note of an elastic ball which was moulded from the gum of a tree. At their games, the nude Haytians made it bound high in the air. The Aztecs were familiar with the gum and called it ule, and from them the Spaniards learned to smear it on their coats to keep out the wet. They had crossed the seas for gold, and never dreamed of a time when the sticky milk the uncouth Indians drew from strange trees would be worth more than all the treasure of the hills. (On February 23, 1899, a ship carrying a cargo of 1,167 tons of rubber valued at \$2,210,000 sailed from Para, for New York, leaving 200 tons behind on the wharf.) José, King of Portugal, in 1555,

comes down to us as the wearer of a pair of boots sent out to Para to be covered with a waterproof gum. Yet 300 years were to elapse before a Connecticut Yankee should make a pair of boots of rubber which would not decompose. Dr. Priestley, author of a work on "Perspective," now forgotten, recorded that caoutchouc (pronounced "ka-chook") was useful in small cubes for rubbing out pencil marks—hence the name Rubber. The India linked with it refers to the savages who gathered it in the Amazon wilderness. Dr. Priestley's cubes were half an inch long and sold for three shillings, or seventy-five cents apiece. A stiff price for the finest rubber to-day is a dollar a pound. Its price for ten years has ranged from sixty-two cents to \$1.09. The conversion of the gum to useful purposes made but slow headway. The first waterproof cloth in 1797 was the work of an Englishman. It was tentative, and, of course, it would not stand heat. In 1823 Charles Macintosh, of Glasgow, discovered naphtha, and dissolving rubber in it, produced a varnish which, when spread on cloth, made it really impervious to water. As late as 1830 the importation of rubber into England amounted only to 50,000 pounds. In 1899 no less than 16,075,584 pounds were consumed in that country, and the consumption in the United States reached 51,606,737 pounds. Most of the rubber used in the world still comes from equatorial South America, and the forests where the Indians gathered ule are as dense to-day and almost as little known to white men as in the time of Cortez.

Bruise the stem of the common milkweed



Tapping Rubber Trees on the Amazon River.

and a glutinous milk exudes. The rubber tree belongs to the same family. In the Amazon valley it is called *Hevea brasiliensis*; in the coast province of Ceara, *Manihot glaziovii*; in Mexico, *Castilleja elastica*; in

Africa, *Kikksia africana*, and in the East Indies *Ficus elastica*—the last is the rubber plant the florist sells you. These are the species from which the staple of commerce mainly comes, but the name of the rubber tree is legion, and it grows outside the region usually assigned to it—500 miles on both sides of the equator.

Ascend the Amazon at the close of the rainy season in May on one of the river boats from Para, and most of your fellow travelers will be peons of Indian and negro



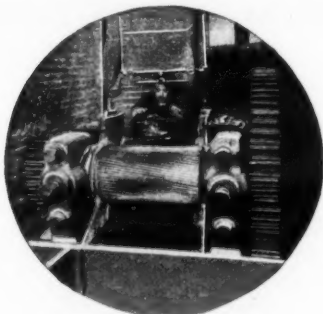
Preparing Rubber for Shipment. The Sap is Coagulated Around a Paddle Held Over the Fire.



A Rubber Biscuit; the Form in Which Rubber is Shipped.

blood, with a dash of Spanish and Portuguese, who are going to Manaos, a thousand miles up the river, to gather rubber for the traders or negociantes, the latter a sordid tribe, whose morals are those in vogue "east of Suez."

The uleros picked up at Para are a degenerate lot, with scarcely a shirt to their backs, and they crowd the lower deck like the human freight of a slaver. The nego-



Grinding Raw Rubber.

ciante is generally a Portuguese or a Brazilian, and he is going to a river station to work a rubber claim which a house at Para has leased to him. The forest on the upper Amazon near the water-front has been surveyed, but boundary lines are not always respected. When they are vague the "capangas," a class of ruffians whom every trader keeps in stock to fight his battles, become useful. Hence the rubber wars, often magnified into titanic conflicts between rival companies. There is sometimes a great deal of shooting at long range, but mighty

little execution. One of these battles was witnessed by Captain Guijherme Hoepfner, of the steamer *Eufrosina*, a few years ago. The matter in dispute was a site for a fazenda, or headquarters, at the confluence of two rivers, and the "capangas" fired about 2,000 shots from magazine rifles. At last, one of the leaders received a ball through his undershirt, whereupon he raised



Weighing Rubber.

a white flag on a stick and withdrew his valiant forces.

At the end of the voyage up the turbid flood of the Amazon, in many places like an inland sea, where the swart pilot feels his way, the negociante lands his gang and puts his supplies ashore. They consist of salt fish, jerked beef, sugar, coffee, mandioca and rum—especially rum, for which the ulero has a consuming thirst, and the nego-

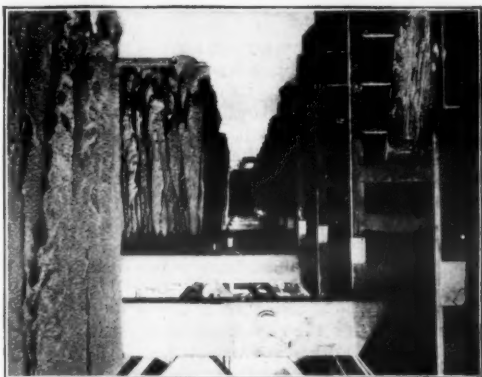


Rubber After Having Been Ground.

ciante finds suited to his purposes. The supplies have cost him from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than the "casa aviadora," or furnishing house pays for them, and the ulero is debited with a further advance of thirty per cent., as well as for his transportation. He rents from the negociante an "estrada," a tract of forest estimated to include 150 rubber trees, for a consideration of twenty per cent. of the rubber gathered. The negociante must take the chance of a smuggler in his canoe visiting the ulero by stealth and exchanging rum and provisions for some of the rubber. In that flooded country the canoe can reach almost any part of the forest. The negociante knows that his mouldy beef and meal invite imposture, but he intends to get even with the ulero. At the end of the season there will be a debauch at the fazenda, and, when the poor devil recovers his senses to square accounts there will be precious little rubber to his credit. Thus his condition is virtually slavery.

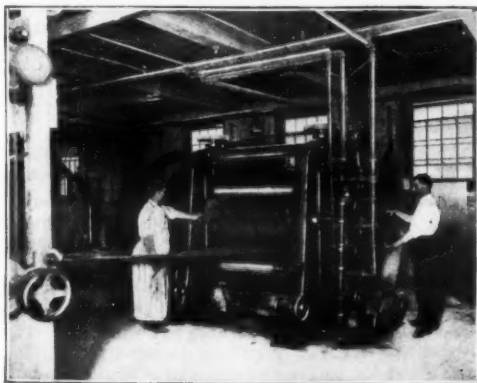
At the first dawn the ulero swings out of his hammock and, bracing himself with a gill of rum, sets off for his estrada, carrying a basket of tin cups, a lump of adhesive

head in the fibrous ducts, which contain the latex or milk, taking care not to cut too deep and kill the tree; and below each incision he presses a daub of clay and against that a cup. The creamy juice begins to flow



Rubber is Dried by Being Hung for Months in a Drying Room, Where Currents of Dry and Hot Air Flow Over It.

drop by drop. The ulero visits all the trees in his estrada, wading and pushing his way through a tropical jungle which, in the early morning, exhales a malarial mist. The forest in which he toils is beautiful to the eye and grateful to the nostril. In all nature, nothing is grander than this unbroken wilderness which stretches from the Atlantic to the Andes, and from the Parima mountains to the Cordillera General, a territory as large as that part of the United States east of the Mississippi. Many of the trees are gigantic, the palms graceful in outline, and the clumps of bamboo picturesque. Impressive is the dim light in the silence of these primeval groves. The birds are as brilliant in plumage as the orchids and blossoming vines that overrun every eminence as soon as the floods subside. Odors of sweet woods and scents of innumerable flowers burden the air. But the ulero has no eye for anything but the gum tree. To him rum is the chief thing in life, and after that comes the settlement with the negociante. Having tapped his trees, he splashes back to his palm-leaf hut and eats a breakfast of mandioca meal and salt fish, washed down by coffee and the inevitable cachuca, or rum. On his



Calendering Machine on Which Rubber is Rolled Into Sheets.

The photographs on pp. 328 and 329 have been loaned by courtesy of the Hartford Rubber Works Company.

clay and a narrow-bladed hatchet. His only clothing is a short pair of breeches, for he will have to wade in the forest, sometimes up to his knees in ooze. On finding a rubber tree, he makes three gashes high above his

tlement with the negociante. Having tapped his trees, he splashes back to his palm-leaf hut and eats a breakfast of mandioca meal and salt fish, washed down by coffee and the inevitable cachuca, or rum. On his

next round he collects the milk in his calabash bucket. He then proceeds to coagulate it over the smoke of a fire of inaja or urucury palm nuts, which he makes in an earthenware furnace called a boiao. Taking a paddle, the blade of which is plastered with clay, he dips it in the milk and holds it over the smudge. He turns the blade constantly, and adds milk from time to time until the coagulated mass resembles an unshelled cocoanut. An appetizing smell, as of cooking ham, ascends. If the ulero knows what sugar-cured ham is it must make his mouth water. Sometimes the paddle is hung from the limb of a tree to save his arms, and then a larger bulk of rubber can be smoked. The product is that pure and flawless Para, which is the best rubber in the world. If the coagulating process is botched, the rubber is classed as "middling fine," or *entrafina*. Remnants are known as *Sernamby*. Such is the life of the rubber gatherer until the milk of his estrada is exhausted. Sometimes he goes into the interior on speculation, and then he has perhaps one chance in three of surviving an attack of *calentura perniciosa*, that malarial fever so often fatal in tropical America.

Amazonas, the forest home of the Para rubber, is so vast a province that no man probably has traversed it—certainly no white man. Its rivers are of the same gigantic order, in the rainy season veritable seas. On the Rio Negro, near its junction with the Amazon, Manaoas, a rival of the port of Para, has grown up. To-day Manaoas, which, a few years ago, was a mud village, has a population of 40,000, asphalted streets, an electric light system, trolley cars, theatres, handsome stores, fine public buildings and churches of an imposing architecture. A telegraph line connects it with Para, and its rubber cargoes go straight to New York, London and Hamburg. At the close of the rubber season Manaoas lies in wait for the negociante with pleasures which he is seldom proof against; and for the ulero there are houses of entertainment suited to his coarser tastes. Manaoas might aptly be called the Paris of Amazonas, only, being near the equator, it has less regard for appearances than Paris.

Southwest a full thousand miles of Manaoas is the little town of Aquiri, on a river of that name which flows into the Parana, a tributary of the Amazon. Aquiri is not unknown to a spurious fame as the Forest or Rubber Republic. The story was told, not long ago, that the Rubber Trust had estab-

lished a government at Aquiri in defiance of Brazil and Bolivia, both of which claimed it, and had put 50,000 people to work gathering rubber for the great monopoly. One Rodriguez Aries, it was said, had proclaimed the republic, and one Phillips had been sent to the United States to represent the new government. Brazil made a demonstration with a gunboat, and Bolivia dispatched troops to the scene. The truth of the matter is that a survey of the territory in dispute gave Aquiri, or Acre, to Bolivia, and the inhabitants declared themselves Brazilians in spite of it. Late advices from Para say that a Bolivian force occupied the place after the usual waste of ammunition. The so-called Rubber Trust was guiltless of the high-handed proceeding charged against it. The only enterprise answering the description in any way is the International Crude Rubber Company, but its promoters do not plume themselves on being able to annex the state of Amazonas and control its output of rubber.

Rubber has done a good deal for civilization, and civilization has done a great deal for rubber; but both are indebted to Charles Goodyear, hero and martyr, to whom the manufacturers of the United States should erect an ebonite monument as high as the shaft on Bunker Hill. "I believe," said Daniel Webster, in the famous patent suit in which he fought the good fight for Goodyear, "that Charles Goodyear is to go down to posterity in the history of the arts in this country in that great class of inventors at the head of which stands Robert Fulton, in which class stand the names of Whitney and of Morse, and in which class will stand, not far removed, the humble name of Charles Goodyear."

Goodyear was a Connecticut Yankee, born at Naugatuck, December 29, 1800; those now living who remember him in the flesh knew him as a frail little man with soulful eyes and a sympathetic nature. Goodyear after devoting the energies of his life to experiments discovered vulcanization, a process which neutralizes the adhesiveness of rubber, while hardening it, so that heat does not dissolve it or cold impair its elasticity. The chemists had sought the great secret in vain. Triumph was reserved for a man who was always in debt and sometimes in prison, and occasionally reduced to the most pitiful shifts to keep the wolf from the door. Goodyear was originally a hardware dealer in a small way, but he got interested in rubber when it began to make a stir in the world with the first importation of shoes from



Charles R. Flint.

The famous financier who has been largely interested in rubber.



Frederick M. Sheppard.

President of the United States Rubber Company.



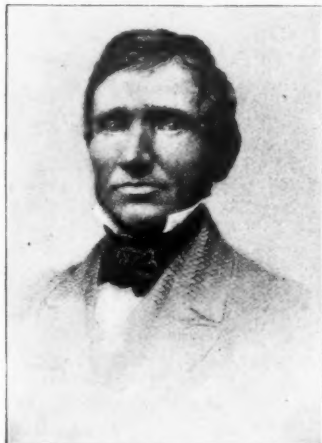
E. S. Converse.

Founder of the Boston Rubber Shoe Company.



Dr. Benjamin F. Goodrich.

Founder of the Goodrich Rubber Company.



Charles Goodyear.

"I believe that Charles Goodyear is to go down in posterity in that great class of inventors at the head of which stands Robert Fulton . . ."

Daniel Webster.



Ex-Congressman L. D. Apsley.

The largest manufacturer of rubber clothing in the country.

Brazil. They were soon being made in New England, but the business tumbled to ruin when the rubber decomposed in hot weather and gave out an offensive odor. No one had a good word to say for the stuff—it sold for five cents a pound in the general disgust—but Goodyear, although without money or credit, set to work to rehabilitate the reputation of gum elastic, as he always called it. He thought of rubber all day and dreamed of it all night, and it adhered to his hands and clothing so that they were one and invisible. "If you meet a man," said some one who wanted to describe Goodyear, "who has on an India rubber cap, stock, coat, vest and shoes, with an India rubber money purse without a cent of money in it, that is he." In chasing what seemed to his friends a will-o'-the-wisp Goodyear was often in the pawnshops. He once left his umbrella with Cor-

nelius Vanderbilt for some ferry tickets, and at another time sold his children's school books for five dollars, which he needed for his experiments. But he had a devoted family, like most geniuses, and his wife and children were just as much wrapped up in rubber as he was. To harden his gum elastic Goodyear mixed magnesia with it and turned out some shoes beautiful to look at, for the man had the artistic sense, but, as usual, they decomposed. He thought he had hit upon the secret with nitric acid, took out a patent, and embarked in the business of making shoes and toys. Bad times swept away his profits before he learned that he had made another failure, and there were more visits to the pawnbroker.

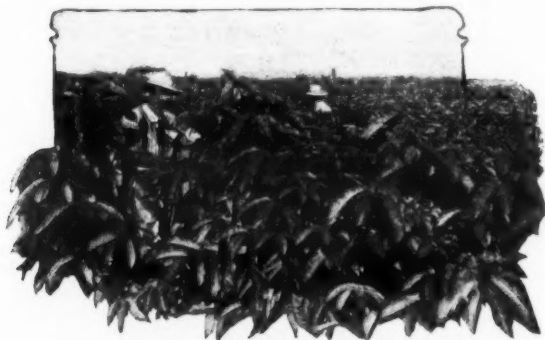
About this time Goodyear met Nathaniel Hayward, who was fussing with rubber in a factory at Woburn, where he was regarded

as a harmless crank. To Hayward it was revealed, in a dream that rubber could be hardened by mixing sulphur with it and exposing the compound to the sun. The process gave out a rank odor, which made Hayward a nuisance in the factory, but he



A Nursery of Cultivated Rubber.

took out a patent on it. Goodyear, being struck with the idea, bought the patent. The two men leased a building and went in for making life-preservers. But the secret had not been discovered, although Hayward was on the right scent—in hot weather it seemed a wrong one to purchasers of the life-preservers. Goodyear was not dismayed.



View of a Rubber Plant Nursery Which Contains More Than a Million Plants, a Year Old.

After more experiments he took a contract to make fifty rubber mail bags for the government, and advertised his good luck. The bags were a credit to his skill; but in July the handles dropped off and the substance melted. His friends advised him to go back

to hardware. The wolf was again at the door, and Goodyear had to divide time in the use of the kitchen oven with his wife. He was always baking the compound of sulphur and rubber, but with no satisfactory results. Yet he was "warm," as they say

in the children's game. One night while gesticulating on his favorite theme with a piece of sulphurated gum it came in contact with the red-hot stove. Instead of melting, as usual, the stuff charred like leather. Was a very high heat needed to harden rubber? The enthusiast trembled with anticipation. But there was the cold—it was a winter's night. Would the mass lose its flexibility in the freezing air? Goodyear nailed it against the house. The next morning the compound was as elastic as ever. He had

discovered vulcanization. The secret was that rubber, with a slight admixture of sulphur, hardened and lost its adhesiveness but not its flexibility when subjected to a temperature of from 230 to 270 degrees Fahrenheit. Neither heat nor cold afterwards affects it; but it can be over-vulcanized into what is known as ebonite. Good-

year perfected his process, took out a patent, and for fourteen years fought infringements in the courts until Judge Grier decided in his favor in 1852. The litigation kept him as poor as a church mouse—he was in prison for debt in France when the cross of the Legion of Honor was bestowed on him—but to the end of his life he experimented with his beloved product. "His business was his religion," wrote his secretary. Charles Goodyear would share his last dollar with an unfortunate, and while his patentees were making great fortunes

he was content with meager royalties if he could be left undisturbed to convert rubber to new uses. In his last years—he died July 1, 1860—he perfected the life-preserver, testing it in a bathtub in his house at Washington. The New England Rubber Club

celebrated the other day the one-hundredth anniversary of Goodyear's birth with a dinner in Boston, at which the great men of the trade tried to put into words their debt to the unselfish and lovable inventor.

There are men in the rubber business to-day deriving more income from it than the capital of a company in Goodyear's day. In his most inspired moments the inventor did not dream of a combination capitalized at \$50,000,000, like the United States Rubber Company, which was incorporated in 1892 and earns \$4,000,000 a year. The Boston Rubber Shoe Company, a monument to the enterprise of Elisha S.

Converse, contributed stock valued at \$13,000,000 to this combination, and the Woonsocket Rubber Company, which Joseph Banigan built up, came in with the same amount. Companies at New Haven, Naugatuck, Williamsport, Pa., New Brunswick and Boston were also included. The United States Rubber Company, commonly but erroneously called a trust, makes boots and shoes—200,000 a day—and similar goods. Its product is sixty per cent. of the business of the country in that line. Another combination, also called a trust, is the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, which comprises the Mechanical

Rubber Company, with a stock of \$4,000,000, and Akron, Hartford, Peoria, Indianapolis and Chicago companies—three of them rubber tire concerns, the Pope, Morgan & Wright, and Gormully & Jeffrey. During the last eighteen months the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company earned \$3,218,018. Its capital is a little under \$25,000,000. This combination, which makes all kinds of rubber goods except boots and shoes, comes nearer to being a trust in the popular sense of the term than the other. A combination with a capital of \$2,500,000 is the American Hard Rubber Company. There are a good many flourishing independent companies in

the country, among them the Manhattan, B. F. Goodrich, Gutta Percha and Rubber, and Voorhees Manufacturing companies; the New York, Diamond and Revere Rubber companies; the Boston Belting Company, the Boston Woven Hose and Rubber Company, and the New Jersey Car Spring and Rubber Manufacturing Company. In the country to-day there are 150 rubber factories, large and small, employing 20,000 operatives. It has been estimated that the rubber manufacturing business increased from \$107,962,000 in 1894 to \$161,789,000 in 1899. The value of boots and shoes manu-

factured in 1899 was \$31,580,000; tires of all kinds, \$21,700,000; mechanical rubber goods, \$13,000,000; horse covering and like goods, \$12,000,000; rubber-covered wire, \$10,000,000; hard rubber goods, \$6,000,000; mackintoshes, etc., \$5,000,000. More than 2,000,000 pairs of bicycle tires and 800,000 carriage tires were manufactured.

The most conspicuous name in the rubber business is that of Charles R. Flint. Sometimes old rubber men say that Mr. Flint is not one of the guild, but he organized the United States Rubber Company, of which he is treasurer, and the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, of whose executive com-

mittee he is chairman, and his Crude Rubber Company imports a large share of the staple. Mr. Flint is sometimes accused of being a trust magnate, but he is, rather, a pioneer of the principle of industrial organization. He is fifty-one years old, a native of Maine, and at twenty-three years of age was a partner in the firm of W. R. Grace & Co.

The Nestor of the great industry is Elisha S. Converse, of Malden, now eighty-one years old, who sold the Boston Rubber Shoe Company to the United States Rubber Company for \$13,000,000. Mr. Converse has given Malden a park, a library, a hospital and a Baptist church. Perhaps the most



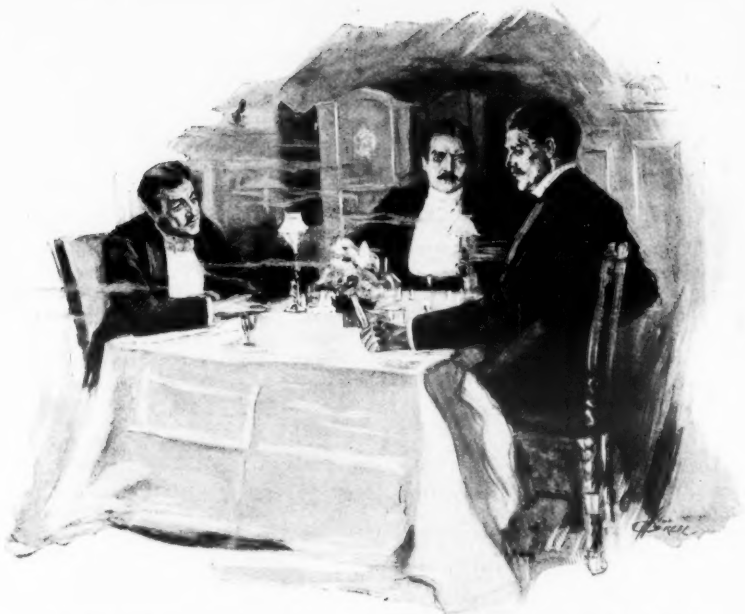
Experimental Tapping of Young Cultivated Rubber Trees.

remarkable of all rubber men was the late Joseph Banigan, an Irishman by birth, who borrowed \$10,000 to start a rubber factory at Woonsocket, and in a comparatively short space of time sold the business to the trust for \$13,000,000. Mr. Banigan was also a very liberal man. A chair of political economy in the Columbian University at Washington was founded by him. A veteran of the trade is George A. Alden, of Boston, a descendant of Puritan John Alden. He is president of the New York Commercial Company. One of the younger and most progressive men is President Frank C. Jones, of the Manhattan Rubber Company, a native of Maryland, and a graduate of Stevens Institute. An old-timer is President Amedee E. Spadone, of the Gutta Percha and Rubber Company, who has been in the business long enough to have known Charles Goodyear. Congressman L. D. Apsley, of Hudson, Mass., is the largest manufacturer of rubber clothing in the country. Other leaders in the industry are John H. Cheever, founder of the New York Belting and Packing Company; James B. Forsythe, of the Boston Belting Company, and President Perkins, of the Goodrich Company of Akron.

In amount of rubber produced, as well as in quality, the Para kind leads the world. Brazilian exports were 23,011 tons in 1900. Africa came next with 10,625 tons, and then Central America, with 4,026 tons, and the East Indies, with 1,304. In quality Mozambique and Madagascar rank after Para; Ceara is to be preferred to Central American, with East Indian bringing up the rear. Africa's rubber boom is of the last ten years. In April, 1890, Henry M. Stanley reported that the Congo forests were richer in rubber than the Amazon valley. During 1900 no less than 12,535,677 pounds of Congo rubber were received at Antwerp alone, which is becoming one of the great rubber ports of the world. The crude product comes in all kinds of shapes and by various names: "Pelles," from Para; "sausage," from Mozambique; "cake," or "liver," from Madagascar; "tongues," from the Gaboon; "negro-head," from Sierra Leone, and "knuckles," from the Congo. In color, imported rubber ranges from the dark, rich brown of the Para to the pink of the Madagascar and the dull yellow of other African varieties.

The cultivation of rubber, prompted by the wasteful methods of the natives on the upper Amazon, in Central America, and the East Indies, who chop down trees to drain

the milk quickly, a foolish notion, promises to be an important industry some day, and planters already derive a profit from it. The oldest plantation in the world is on the Pamanukan-Tjiassem estate, in the Residence Krawang in Java. It was started in 1864 from plants of the *Ficus elastica*. In 1898 its seventy-two acres, as many trees to the acre, produced 6,731 pounds of pure rubber of a value of \$4,213 above expenses. Importers of crude rubber from Para make light of the Nicaraguan and Mexican plantations. "Why cultivate rubber," they say, "when you can go into the forest and get it?" They declare that millions of trees in the Amazon basin and the Congo Free State have never been tapped and will endure for generations. Nevertheless, the Congo government, by a decree of February 25, 1899, requires that for every ton of rubber taken out annually 150 trees shall be planted. Nicaragua offers a premium for the cultivation of rubber, and has interdicted the gathering of it in the national forests for exportation. In Peru the "caucheros" have destroyed so many trees that imports from Iquique have greatly declined. In the East Indies restrictive legislation is general. But, after all, the question with the planter is whether cultivation will pay. Such is the demand that he can sell every pound he produces. The uses of rubber are illimitable. In Mexico and Central America the tree grown is the *Cyrtillia elastica* of the native forest, which flourishes in a rich, but not a wet soil, like the smaller *Hevea brasiliensis* of Amazonas. Senor José Horta, of the city of Guatemala, an experienced agriculturist, calculates that a ten-year old plantation "will produce double the amount expended during that time," taking into account that for seven years there is no yield of milk. He says that the net annual product will be incomparably more remunerative than that which coffee under the best and most favorable circumstances can yield. During the seven years of waiting, he advises the cultivation of vanilla simultaneously. A plantation in Mexico produced in 1899, 30,000 pounds of rubber. In the neighborhood of Bluefields, Nicaragua, there are some promising plantations. Current expenses are light, for labor is cheap and the trees require little care. But cash and patience are needful for success. Our Department of Agriculture, it is worthy of note, is preparing to give its attention to the cultivation of rubber in the Philippines.



"A very good print from the negative for which you unconsciously posed last night."

BEFORE THE FACT

BY RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI

II.—MR. ALIAS, BURGLAR.

"A PERSON to see you, sir," announced Mr. Mitchel's man, Williams, entering the library and presenting a card.

"A person, Williams?" queried Mr. Mitchel, taking the card. He looked at his valet, and wondered why he should have spoken thus.

"Hope I'm not presuming, sir. He's a stranger, sir, and then his card—that's why I—"

"I see," said Mr. Mitchel, looking at the bit of pasteboard intently. "You may show him up. . . . There will be entertainment for me to-day, after all."

The card was indeed an oddity. It was of the finest material and beautifully engraved. It bore the name, "Mr. Alias," under which was written in pencil, "Burglar."

Mr. Alias proved to be in appearance a gentleman. He was attired in clothing evidently made by a good tailor—fashionable

without being extreme in style. Mr. Mitchel judged him to be between thirty-five and forty years of age; and noted that his keenly intelligent face was what men would call attractive, while women might use a more complimentary term.

"Mr. Alias, I believe," said Mr. Mitchel, rising, but not advancing to meet him.

"Yes. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Mitchel?"

"Mitchel is my name. May I ask your business?"

"Burglary. You have my card."

"Your business with me, I mean?"

"I understand, but I need not modify my previous answer."

"Your business with me, you say, is burglary? Do you mean that you have come to rob my house?"

"I do not think I will say yes to that question. It would be too incriminating, and besides, such a reply would be lacking in

finesse. Still, I do not mind admitting that when I go it would not surprise me if I should take some of your property with me."

"It would surprise me, however," said Mr. Mitchel, tartly.

"That brings us to the object of my call," said Mr. Alias. "You have not asked me to be seated, but as our conversation may be long, I will put myself at ease. You will pardon my removing my overcoat? You keep your rooms quite warm."

He proceeded to take off his coat, which, with his soft hat, he placed on a table. Then he selected a comfortable chair and seated himself with the air of an old acquaintance. Mr. Mitchel admired the man's cool audacity.

"Of course," continued Mr. Alias, "I recognize that my card and my actions must arouse considerable curiosity in your mind, and I am afraid you have thus far formed rather a poor opinion of me. I do not blame you, for the fact is, I am not proud of my manner of introducing myself to you. It has been a little too theatrical, not in the best of taste. Now, I hold that an offense against good form is almost a crime."

"While burglary, I presume, is one of the fine arts," interposed Mr. Mitchel, sarcastically.

"That is according to the point of view. My calling, as I myself practice it, is, I flatter myself, almost an art. Burglary, though, hardly fits it. It is a bad word, a vulgar word, if you please, and somewhat inapplicable."

"Thievery perhaps might be better."

"Yes, perhaps so." Mr. Alias spoke musingly as though he were seeking the word that would most accurately express his thought. "It has a broader significance, and so applies to more conditions. Burglary, on the other hand, is connected in the mind with house-breaking. Now, I do not think I ever—no, I am quite sure I never have broken into a house. It is a boast of mine that when compelled to make forcible entrance I do not damage the building in any way, leaving marks for stupid policemen to quarrel over and for the press to chatter about as clues. That sort of thing is very inartistic. Ordinarily I prefer to gain entrance by use of my brains rather than of my hands."

"As you have entered here, for example?"

"Quite so. I see you are beginning to comprehend, but I am not surprised, as from all that I have heard of you, I was quite prepared to do battle with a keen intellect."

"Then you have heard something of me?"

"Yes, indeed, or I should not be here. And I must admit that, considering my profession, pardon my calling it so, what I heard of you made me most anxious to meet you."

"May I ask what it is in particular that you have heard?"

"I am told that you rather despise men of my calling, that you belittle the skill of the average burglar. That I am not prepared to dispute with you, but then there are a few of us above the average. I have also heard that you think very little of detectives, claiming that their success depends largely upon the blunders of the criminals whom they detect. Have I been correctly informed?"

"I certainly have expressed such views."

"Then I understand that though deprecating the detective work of other men, you have done a little in that line yourself. In fact, that you have not as yet failed to solve any little affair to which you have deigned to bend your energies?"

"It is true I have not met with failure."

"I am very glad to find that I have been accurately informed; otherwise, all the fun of this adventure would be lost. Now to come to the point, for which you have waited with most commendable patience. I have called because I, too, have never met with failure."

"You mean that in the practice of thievery, you have never been detected?"

"That is the situation exactly. I have had a somewhat remarkable career, and though I have appropriated (I like that word better than any that you might suggest), though I have appropriated much of other people's property, I have never been detected, nay, never even suspected. Thus you with your record and I with mine were inevitably bound to meet, and, to use an astronomical term, as the conjunction promised to be interesting, I thought it well to hasten the moment."

"But why? The mere fact that you are a thief, even though the most skilful of your class, is of no interest to me. Where is the problem?"

"You shall have it. But first, one more question. Unless I am mistaken, judging you now by myself, and placing myself, as it were, in your position, I should imagine that you would feel capable of thwarting a criminal, of preventing a crime; of detecting him as it were before he might accomplish his purpose. Am I right?"

"No. You are wrong," said Mr. Mitchel, coldly, but watching his man keenly while apparently gazing out of the window. "You have mistaken my character entirely. I am not a policeman."

"But I thought you have maintained that such work is not done by policemen?"

"True. It is not, but it ought to be.

"Still, you have made such broad claims, it seems to me," urged Mr. Alias, "that my little problem might afford you sufficient amusement to make it attractive to you."

"Well, what is your problem?"

"I have told you that I have never been detected in any of my—what shall I call them—adventures. I sent you a card on



"'Had it been a snake it must have bitten me!'"

Certainly it is not the work of a gentleman."

"Then why, pray, did you work on that suicide case?"

"What suicide case," said Mr. Mitchel, turning on the man and speaking quickly.

"Why, the one where you prevented the woman from killing herself."

"Oh! that case," said Mr. Mitchel, apparently lapsing into a condition of apathetic attention. "That was merely a little experiment, by way of amusement."

which I had written a secret known only to a trusted few. My main object in coming here was to announce that I intend to undertake a burglary within a week and to suggest that you try to prevent it."

"That must depend upon two conditions. In the first place, I would not care to bother with the affair during the next seven days, as I have more important matters to engage my attention."

"Let us say, then, that the 'adventure' must occur between the eighth and fifteenth

day from to-day. You see I am very accommodating."

"Very. Now, as to what you mean by prevent? Make the word detect, and I will pit my skill against yours."

"But if you can detect, why should you not prevent?"

"I may prefer to permit you to carry out your scheme, and I may not. I must be free to act as I will. But if I detect, I do, in effect, prevent."

"This time I do not follow you."

"I mean that if you enter some house and possess yourself of certain property, your success is nullified if, on the following day, I can meet you with such proof as would convict you of the crime and make your imprisonment certain."

"I see your meaning, and will allow you so much latitude. To make this affair more diverting, might I suggest a little supper at a specified date after the 'adventure,' the expense to be assumed by the loser in this contest of brains?"

"That will be quite agreeable to me," said Mr. Mitchel. "Where shall the supper be served?"

"I suppose," said Mr. Alias, looking around him, "it would be too much trouble for us to eat here, in this room."

"No," replied Mr. Mitchel, laughing heartily. "We will have supper in this room by all means." Then he laughed again, but as though the cause of his merriment were some inward thought. Then he continued, "If you do not mind, I will make a little memorandum of our wager, for that is what it comes to."

"By all means; a proper precaution."

Mr. Mitchel seated himself at his desk and began to write. Evidently the pen did not suit him, for he wrenched it from the holder and threw it into the waste-basket, ignoring the good old saw that warns one not to throw away dirty water before procuring clean. He seemed to have considerable trouble in finding another pen. He rummaged among his papers and pulled out drawer after drawer in his search. From one of these a small parcel fell to the floor, where the soft tissue paper became unwound and revealed a magnificent diamond necklace. That Mr. Mitchel should have such a treasure is not surprising when we remember his hobby for collecting rare jewels. That he should be so careless as to expose the brilliants to a stranger apparently betokened that his search for the pen had for the moment cost him his self-control. It could have been

only for a moment, however, for Mr. Mitchel snatched the parcel from the floor so quickly that it was questionable whether Mr. Alias had seen the necklace at all, especially as this gentleman had gone to the table to take a handkerchief from his overcoat pocket. Mr. Mitchel suddenly grasped a box of pens that had all the while been right before him, exclaiming under his breath:

"Had it been a snake, it must have bitten me!"

Then he wrote out rapidly the substance of the wager and handed the paper to his visitor.

"Is that your idea of what we undertake?" asked Mr. Mitchel.

"It seems quite accurate," said the other, after reading it.

"Then we will both sign it," said Mr. Mitchel; which they did.

"Why do you not sign your true name," said Mr. Mitchel, rubbing his hand over the blotter.

"Oh! Then you do not think that my name is Alias?"

"I am hardly so stupid as that," said Mr. Mitchel, smiling. "It is only your *alias*."

"You are right. You are shrewder even than I had supposed. It is an *alias*, but I flatter myself rather an artistic touch. You see, your common burglar starts out with his own name. In some way, he earns a nickname from his companions, such as, 'The Dude.' At first he is John Jones *alias* 'The Dude.' After he has dodged the police of several cities, he is caught, and his name in print is a succession of *aliases* all more or less stupid, especially as the true name heads the list. With me it is different. I adopted the name 'Alias,' as my stage name, partly to prevent the word being used in connection with myself, printed as it generally is in italics. More especially, however, I chose a new name because I fancy that my good old mother and father would not approve of my method of living."

"So your parents are still alive?"

"Alive and highly respected in a small town where they live quite happily and innocently on the proceeds of my roguery."

"I should think that with your keen sense of the fitness of things, that is of some things, you would hesitate to send the old folks your ill-gotten gains."

"Money is money. I send mine to my people with as little compunction as you show when you buy fine raiment for your wife with Wall Street profits. It is all a matter of custom. Well, I think we under-

stand each other. I'll be here promptly at seven on the night appointed." While talking he was getting into his overcoat. Taking up a silk hat from the table and placing it on his head, he turned to Mr. Mitchel and said:

"I must thank you for your very courteous treatment of a stranger. Good-morning!"

He was passing out when Mr. Mitchel detained him by touching him on the arm and saying:

"I will thank you to replace my silk hat where you found it. Your own, a soft one, is in your overcoat pocket, where you put it while I was looking for a pen, and when you were pretending to be getting a handkerchief."

"With pleasure. I return your property. You score first. Good-morning."

Mr. Mitchel wrote a note to Mr. Barnes, asking the detective to call as soon as convenient, which he did on the following day.

"What can I do for you?" asked the detective, when he had been ushered into Mr. Mitchel's presence.

"Do you know a man who calls himself Mr. Alias?" asked Mr. Mitchel.

"Why certainly," said Mr. Barnes.

"Is he a burglar?"

"He may be, though he has never been caught at it. But a crook is liable to turn his hand to anything to make a dishonest dollar. That is a maxim with detectives."

"And this fellow is known as a crook to the police?"

"He is a confidence man, the most expert in New York."



"I will thank you to replace my silk hat where you found it."

"Has he ever been caught and punished?"

"Yes. He has been in prison twice in this state, and I believe elsewhere also. But, of course, he would deny it. Has he tried any of his schemes on you?"

"You know that I am interested in problems involving the prevention of crime," said Mr. Mitchel, not giving a direct reply. "Well, I have information from which I am led to believe that this man will attempt burglary within the next two weeks. Can you have him watched for me?"

"Certainly. Night and day if you desire it."

"Do so. Put a good man on his trail, and let me have a report daily. That is all. I need not detain you longer to-day."

During the next two weeks the reports from Mr. Barnes' office reached Mr. Mitchel regularly. The first one that enlisted his active interest did not come in until only two days remained of the time during which Mr. Alias had undertaken to effect his crime. This report read as follows:

"Alias to-day again met the servant girl who lives with the Randolphs, and from her we discovered that she has been bribed to admit him into the house between ten and eleven to-morrow night, while the family will be at the Opera. If you wish, there will be no difficulty in arranging to have you admitted to the house, together with my man, prior to that hour."

"BARNES."

On the evening appointed for the supper at Mr. Mitchel's house, Mr. Alias arrived promptly, attired in a perfectly fitting dress suit of recent cut. Williams, who admitted him, apologized for Mr. Mitchel, who had

been unexpectedly called out, but who would return within a quarter of an hour. A few minutes later Mr. Barnes arrived, having received an invitation from Mr. Mitchel. The note of invitation, however, had contained no intimation as to whom Mr. Barnes would meet. Less than ten minutes later Mr. Mitchel came in and repeated the excuses which had been made for him by his man. He then formally introduced the two men and ordered supper to be served.

The repast was delightful. The viands were of the best and deliciously cooked, while the wines were plentifully supplied and of excellent quality. The three men chatted pleasantly, nothing whatever being said either by Mr. Mitchel or by Mr. Alias of the occasion of the meeting until the coffee and cigars were reached.

"I trust the meal has been to your liking, Mr. Alias," said Mr. Mitchel.

"It could not have been better had I ordered it myself," said that gentleman.

"Of course," pursued Mr. Mitchel, "under the circumstances, it was needful to keep account of the cost. Consequently, though the service has been with my own things, the eatables and the wines have been supplied by a caterer. Williams," said Mr. Mitchel, turning to his man, "you may present the bill to Mr. Alias."

Williams promptly obeyed.

Mr. Alias took the paper, looked it over carefully and coolly replied:

"Very reasonable, considering the quality of everything." Then he tossed the bill to Mr. Mitchel, adding, "You pay it, I presume."

"I think not," said Mr. Mitchel, calmly lighting a fresh cigar and slipping down into a more comfortable position in his chair.

"Why not?"

"I think I ought to explain what we are talking about," said Mr. Mitchel, turning to Mr. Barnes. "This supper was the stake of a little wager between Mr. Alias and myself, the loser to pay the bill. Perhaps the story would interest you?"

"I am all attention," said Mr. Barnes.

"The affair is a little out of the ordinary," began Mr. Mitchel. "Mr. Alias called upon me two weeks ago and announced that he intended to commit a burglary. He offered to wager that I could not prevent him. I changed the word 'prevent,' to 'detect,' and took the wager. I also asked for two weeks instead of one, as he had first suggested. I win the wager because I can ex-

plain every detail of the robbery which occurred last night, when Mr. Alias came into this room and abstracted a diamond necklace from my desk. Moreover, he has the property in his pocket now and I will thank him to restore it."

The detective and the crook looked first at Mr. Mitchel and then at one another in a quizzical manner. Mr. Alias was the first to regain his self-possession.

"This is but an assertion on your part and does not constitute legal proof," said he. "Proof sufficient for conviction, I think we agreed upon."

"You shall have all the proof you want," said Mr. Mitchel. "And, by the way, Mr. Barnes," he continued, turning towards the detective, "I have won your wagers for you also, have I not?"

"My wagers?" said Mr. Barnes, apparently mystified.

"Innocent, eh!" laughed Mr. Mitchel.

"Well, you two are not so clever as you thought yourselves. Fooling with Mr. Mitchel is just a little like touching a moving buzz-saw to see if it is sharp. Pardon the conceit. Now, I presume you two want the details."

Neither answered, and Mr. Mitchel continued:

"When Mr. Alias called here his mode of introducing himself was so unique, and his manner after I had admitted him was so good that for a short time I was greatly puzzled and almost dared to hope that at last I had met with a crook who really had some brains. But while better than the average, a claim which he made for himself, I soon found that he was not above making slips, slips that were fatal."

"What slips?" asked Mr. Alias.

"You knew altogether too much about me," said Mr. Mitchel. "Some things you may have heard from various sources, and therefore told me nothing. When you approached certain exclusive knowledge, even you seemed to realize that you were treading on dangerous ground. You wished to get to the point that I am interested in preventing crime, and you thought yourself clever to say that placing yourself in my position you would suppose that I would feel capable of preventing a crime. I doubted at once that you had arrived at that idea by purely deductive processes of reasoning, but it was necessary for me to know positively. I therefore set a trap for you. You expected me to admit that I would take an interest in such matters, and I astonished you by flatly

denying your proposition. You lost your head at once, and a moment later argued the point with me and asked why I had undertaken to prevent a case of suicide. That was sufficient. I had the whole scheme plainly before my mind instantly, and could afford to appear to drop back into my former attitude. You see, no one but Mr. Barnes knew about that suicide affair, and my management of it. Consequently I knew that he had sent you here."

"Why should I do that?" asked Mr. Barnes, with assumed innocence.

"Making a little test of my boasted skill, I suppose," said Mr. Mitchel, "and following the lead I gave you in the Remington affair. But there was another reason. Mr. Alias here had made a wager with you first, that he could conduct a robbery without detection by me; and secondly, that he could, unknown to me, steal something from this room. How I know this will appear later. He tried to win at least one bet from you when he deliberately attempted to walk off with my silk hat. But that was a poor compliment to me after he had warned me at the beginning of his visit, by saying that he would not be surprised if when he left the house he should take something with him. How did I detect him in that? To explain I must touch on another feature. After the true reason of his call had been stated there was no way for me to know where his intended robbery would occur. I received a hint of what was in his mind, however, when he audaciously suggested that the supper should be served in this room. That made me laugh. I laughed because by that speech, Mr. Alias, you placed the game entirely in my own hands. You were so sure of your own cleverness that you thought to add to your triumph by making me pay for a supper served in the very room where the robbery should have occurred. I took the reins at once and from that moment really conducted the whole affair."

"You are not lacking in conceit yourself, are you?" sneered Mr. Alias.

"No, only mine is founded on fact and yours only on imagination. I suggested putting the agreement in writing as a means of going to my desk. I threw away my pen and searched for another for two reasons. I thus gave you a chance to steal something or to prepare to steal something, while all your movements were easily observed by me in a mirror which you had overlooked in your haste to accept the seeming opportunity. Thus I saw you put your soft hat in

your overcoat pocket and also try on my hat. The rest was easy.

"Next, I purposely dropped the diamond necklace on the floor because when you came here on your errand I wished that you should steal that in preference to anything else. The temptation was too great for you."

"How do you know?"

"You will recall that I asked for an additional week? During that time I arranged my apparatus for automatic detection of my smart burglar, Mr. Alias. Be assured every-



"Almost instantly there was a smothered explosion."

thing was ready for you on your arrival, including my absence?"

"Your absence?"

"Suspecting that Mr. Barnes had sent you here I asked him to assist me by having you watched. How he must have chuckled to himself when writing out his fictitious reports to me daily. I do not suppose, Mr. Barnes, you even suspected that I had another detective from another agency watch this man, or you would not have told me all about his movements in this city when he was really out of town for five days."

"You beat me there," said Mr. Barnes.

"Of course, Mr. Barnes was, in a measure, your confederate. He was willing to lose his wager with you to defeat me, while his winning from you would, in a measure, soothe his feelings in case of failure. In due time, I was told by Mr. Barnes of your intention to rob Mr. Randolph's house, and I had the chance to enter the house with the connivance of the maid servant. I waited there until I felt assured that you had finished your job here. Meanwhile, what had occurred here? You called and asked for me. My man told you that I had gone out, but would soon be back and he brought you into this room. On retiring, he closed the door behind him, and everything seemed to be in your own hands. You lost no time, but went over to my desk. You chuckled and even muttered aloud, 'This is too easy,' when you found the desk unlocked. You found the package containing the diamonds, and reaching out, you took hold of it. The parcel seemed caught in some way, and you were obliged to pull a little hard to get it. Just then a slight buzzing noise overhead caused you to look up. Almost instantly there was a smothered explosion, a brilliant flash of light, and then complete darkness. You barely had time to thrust the parcel in your pocket when my man opened the door and looked in on you, saying:

"Don't be alarmed, the fuse has blown out. Step this way and I'll light the gas in another room; there is none in this room."

"You replied that you would not wait any longer, but asked him to tell me that you would be on hand promptly to-night."

"You seem well informed," said Mr. Alias.

"Very well informed. From the time that you entered the room every sound that you made was registered by a graphophone, the usual trifling noise of which I had effectually stilled by blowing powdered graphite into the works. The machine was started by Williams when he left the room the first time. When you went over to my desk and took hold of the parcel, as soon as you pulled on it you started the buzzing noise which was electrically produced. This noise made you look up and face a camera which was pointing towards you properly focused. When you stepped on the rug in front of the desk, you, of course, had no idea that under it was a sheet of zinc resting over a bulb connecting with the shutter of the camera. When you stepped on it the shutter opened. When you stepped off after the explosion the shutter closed. The buzz-

ing sound which caused you to look up was likewise a signal to Williams, who instantly touched a button, thus setting off a magnesium flash lamp by electricity, while with the other hand he then shut off the lights in this room, and hurried in to give you an explanation which you might accept, and which, apparently, did satisfy you. I hand you a very good print from the negative for which you unconsciously posed last night. You will see that the likeness is startlingly good, and you will also observe that the necklace is in your hand. If you desire, I will now start up the graphophone and permit you to hear yourself say, 'This is too easy.'"

"I'll take your word for it, I guess," said Mr. Alias, looking at the photograph.

"There is another little matter. May I look at the bottom of your shoes? Thank you. All has happened as I supposed. I noted when you called that you wore handsome patent leather shoes, so I presumed there would be no reason why you should wear others to-night, or on the occasion of your burglarious visit. It is evidently your habit. Assuming, then, that you would come here with the same shoes worn last night, and as a precaution against the possibility that my electrical mechanisms might not work, I obtained a few thumb tacks from which I removed the points, and soldered to them instead points taken from small fish hooks. When you stepped on the rug you picked up, so to speak, two or three of these tacks, two to be exact. Since then, noticing something unusual in walking, you have torn off the heads of the tacks, but the fish hook ends resisted and are still in your soles."

"How did you know," said Mr. Barnes, "that he has the diamonds with him, and how is it that you risked his taking such valuables when he might have made off with the booty without coming here to-night?"

"I purposely arranged to be out when you two called to-night. But my phonograph was at home. During supper Williams has received the message from the instrument, which he adroitly wrote out and smuggled to me with one of my plates. From this I learned the conversation that occurred between you two, while awaiting me, in which the bets between you are mentioned; the last words are in your voice, Mr. Barnes:

"Put the things in your pocket. Quick. Here he comes."

"As to risking my valuables, the risk was slight, as they are but a duplicate set in paste of my wife's real stones."

The Street of Revilings

By G. K. STILES



"The man on the wall had lived fifteen years in the East."

A CRIMSON sun sank in a yellow sea and the green, black shadows glided in and out between the sunbeams.

Huddleson sat on the wall, which was thirty feet high and whose breadth equalled the length of a man from finger tips to toes. Huddleson was a merchant and sold sugar and things to the natives, who bought smilingly, but desired to knife him, for Huddleson was wealthy, and, moreover, had been seen coming by night from the yamên of Shan Tung.

Shan Tung was *Hanlin*, which means that he knew eighty thousand of the two hundred thousand signs in the Chinese language, and was eligible to office if he had the gold to buy it.

If the natives hated Huddleson, it was also true that the Europeans mostly distrusted him; for in a foolish moment he had declared that the Mongolian was not given altogether to evil, but had some good in him. So these traders, consuls and other officials looked askant when any one praised Huddleson, the merchant who glorified the Chinese.

The man on the wall had lived fifteen years in the East, the last ten in Peking; and now for five seasons he had deserted the European quarter and dwelt on the opposite side of the Tartar city. His house was two stories high and the back abutted against the wall where he was seated.

Inside the wall lay the various green spots which make up that mysterious ground, "the purple forbidden city."

Huddleson had tampered with forbidden things and poison was mingled with his blood. In the first place, he had committed an indiscretion. He had learned the native tongue in place of making bargains in the mongrel speech, which sensible merchants employed.

He did more. He read the books of To-

Lao, the mad poet, who had loved a dragon maiden and lived in a hill. Now, these things are fatal, like much opium, for foreigners, who are not inoculated by heredity against the subtle words of the dragon maiden that bore the blue serpent with the triple crown and rules the souls of the chosen.

Huddleson was rich and good to look at, being big in the bones and holding himself like a brave man.

Because of his ill-advised learning, Huddleson did what no Caucasian has any right to do—he dreamed. Not the usual vision from a rarebit, but real dreams, such as To-Lao dreamed before he met the dragon maiden and loved her.

To those who understand these things, it is evident that Huddleson was lost. The stranger who dreams the dream of To-Lao is doomed, and his name will surely be blotted out from among his people.

But the man had ceased to dream because the vision had come to life. The dream of To-Lao always begins to live after the seventh dreaming, and yesterday Huddleson had passed the seven mark, and to-day he had seen the woman.

For Tien Sing was thirteen, and so a woman, with a woman's mind and burning palms like heated gold leaves. Tien Sing had never loved a man; for she knew only Shan Tung, her husband, who had bought her for his son. But the boy of twelve died of the fish fever, just as the bride's relatives had reached Shan Tung's house and before the girl had been taken from the gaudy wedding chair, in which she had been hermetically sealed to prevent any of the bridegroom's relatives from seeing her. This last would have been a disgraceful misfortune, and even if the woman suffocated before arriving, it did not matter.

They married Tien Sing to the corpse,

and she was held a thing accursed; wherefore the older and worse favored women beat her.

Tien Sing lay on her straw bed near the roof and wept; and she stretched out her arms nightly and prayed for a man to love her and to raise up sons to honor her when she should come to die.

Tien Sing knew that the women beat her because she was beautiful as the full moon is beautiful and the star of Ashti. It was of Tien Sing that Huddleson dreamed in the dream of To-Lao; and as he passed through the Street of Revilings on his way to the office of the Grand Secretary, the girl looked over the roof of Shan Tung's house.

Huddleson was dressed as a chin-shih, or a second-class literatus, and his linen outer coat was unhooked so as to show the violet silk lining. Tien Sing wore only one garment, the long white robe of the maiden, and her hair was afloat about her shoulders.

Huddleson looked at the girl and stood still. Then they looked into each other's eyes and loved, just as To-Lao loved his dragon maiden. The roof was so low that he could have almost clasped the hand which was under the linen and holding her breast.

Now, Huddleson knew too much, for he knew the words of the poet, which no foreigner had ever learned. He pressed both hands over his eyes as if bewildered and said:

"Behold! a star has fallen from the blue highway of the Sun and its rays are wonderful."

Then Tien Sing held her flesh tightly, so that it hurt her, and her lips parted to finish the words of To-Lao:

"And the fire of the star has entered me and my heart is eaten up."

Huddleson looked down at the earth between his feet.

"To-night, oh, heart of the jessamine," he said.

"Whither?" murmured Tien Sing.

"On thy roof, against the wall of the 'purple forbidden,'" replied Huddleson, and went on to the great man's house.

As he returned out of the sacred city, he passed through the guarded gate with the little temples on either side. It wanted an hour to sunset when he reached his house; and he went upon the roof, taking a long and strong ladder, which he placed against the wall of the "purple forbidden."

It is death by torture to be found thereon, and for that reason none ever dares to be found; and in consequence the patrol paid

little attention to guarding the wall-top. The agonies and cries of the earlier offenders were guard enough for the wall, and only one tainted by the dream of To-Lao would have ventured it.

Huddleson was uncertain of the exact house-top from which Tien Sing had answered him with the dragon's song. There were three about two hundred feet away from him, where the wall was hollowed out to make a guard-house. One of these it was, and, murmuring the soft but invincible charm of the blue snake, he watched the roofs.

As the sun hissed into the water, a woman raised herself on the roof nearest the watcher on the wall, and taking her black hair in her hands, she made with its darkness the sign of the snake. Tien Sing would have died if Shan Tung had been behind her then; and Huddleson could have gone mad on the wall.

The woman at once lay down again on the house-top and the swift-rushing eastern night shut out all things. The man on the wall crept around its curve until he came to the roof where the woman crouched. He had pushed his ladder ahead of him and lay on the top exhausted.

In a few minutes he hung over the edge to listen, and the sound of frightened breathing reached him.

"It is thou, pearl of my life?" he whispered.

A moment's silence succeeded a deep sigh of relief, and then the warm-throated voice of Tien Sing replied:

"It is thy most contemptible slave, oh, prince of the stars!"

Huddleson lowered the ladder, which she caught and fixed firmly in the earth thrown on the roof. He had to search for her, after he came down; since, with proper modesty, Tien Sing had seated herself away from the ladder. Having found her, he raised her and held the girl closely; and then, afraid lest his Western blood betray him into some awkwardness, he released her and they crouched side by side against the wall.

Now, when a woman risks her life to meet a man, she does not trifle with him; and Tien Sing was already thanking her gods, who were also her ancestors, for sending her the man she had begged of them. As for Huddleson, he was caught in the snake's blue coils from which no man escapes; and the dream of To-Lao claimed its own.

At midnight Tien Sing crept down to her

straw pallet, and Huddleson returned to his own house; but the ladder lay out of sight in the middle of the wall.

Each evening these two met on the top of Shan Tung's yamèn. During the day, Huddleson dressed as a British merchant and stopped for luncheon or tea at the house of some fellow Caucasian, who regarded all Chinese as yellow dogs; only with a trifle of precious metal for which the European could find a use.

These people knew nothing of the mysticism of the Orient, and they had never heard of the dream of To-Lao.

Naturally, Huddleson might have purchased Tien Sing with three hundred strings of cash; because Shan Tung dared not claim the girl, lest he die as his only son had perished.

This is the curse of those crowned with the triple crown of the blue serpent: The man may not buy his love as every man should, according to the ancient and proper manner of mankind. He must steal her and upon the night when the star of Ashti cuts the polished edge of the moon. This happens four times a year, and one of them was due two weeks after the first meeting between Huddleson and Tien Sing.

It happened that the first wife of Shan Tung was three years older than he, and her wrinkled skin and bald head were the insignia of authority in Shan Tung's yamèn. She had been purchased for five taels by her

father-in-law, and she hated Tien Sing; for which there were many causes, but the girl's face was reason enough.

The old woman missed the girl upon several occasions when she desired to beat her, and she was grieved by this. She hunted for Tien Sing, and not finding her in the woman's quarters, crept up to the roof. The sky was thickly covered and the moon's

light silvered the clouds and was drunk up in the mists.

The woman heard whispering near the wall and distinguished a male voice; but withdrew quietly, being afraid lest the intruder follow and kill her.

The next morning Nai-nai told her husband, but they said nothing to Tien Sing; for they more than half believed the person on the roof to be some devil or other, with whose love affairs it were unwise to meddle. Nai-nai, however, was determined that the love scenes on the roof should cease, so she urged Shan Tung to try to exorcise the devil who was ill-using his

house. A Taoist priest was found who, for ten thousand cash, gave Shan Tung a slip of red paper, covered with wonderful characters. According to the priest, no demon could withstand the potency of this scarlet spell, but must immediately fly away, uttering cries of distress.

Nai-nai affixed this securely to Tien Sing's garment, but it proved of no avail; so Shan Tung went to the Taoist temple and reviled



"Then they looked into each other's eyes and loved."

the guardian thereof, intimating that the god was something more than a fraud, and that the priest himself was a thief. The holy man returned in kind and pulled Shan Tung's queue, whereupon several peace-talkers interfered and after two days of consulting, a settlement was reached whereby the priest gave a feast to all concerned, at which Shan Tung recalled his reviling, and everything was well.

But the devil continued to desecrate Shan Tung's yamên and to make love on his roof.

In despair, he went to the Buddhist priest and received a charm, which failed as utterly as that of the rival Taoist divine.

Then Shan Tung was maddened and longed to kill Tien Sing; but he was more afraid

ing in the roof. She recognized in this demon a scholar of the second degree, which surprised her, for she thought he would be at the least a graduate, since he was wiser than the priest's spells.

Huddleson turned his face toward the woman, and she made sure that the intruding lover was a man; so she descended and returned with Shan Tung, who recognized Huddleson, but was afraid to resent his presence. He had seen Huddleson at the yamên of the Grand Secretary, and feared to offend so powerful an official.

Shan Tung knew that the Ko-Lao would surely extend his "face" to his friend, and a man could be badly injured by the enmity of an imperial household officer. His relatives were informed of the evil occurrence, and this was the reason many of Huddleson's smiling customers desired to thrust a knife into his abdomen.

A great division of labor results in old countries where a living is difficult to get, and many curious professions arise. The normal Chinese dislikes trouble. Consequently, one who is willing to risk a personal encounter, possesses a means of living. His sign is a studied disorder in dress and a cap worn much awry. To several such persons did Shan Tung make application and the offer of numerous strings of cash. This buying of valor is regarded as a most sensible act; and Shan Tung exacted tribute from his twenty grandfathers, his two hundred uncles, and other connections, that he might obtain the money to pay these professional bullies.

Their plan was that the hired fighters attack Shan Tung's yamên, after calling in the imperial soldiers, using the pretext that the man on the roof had desecrated the sacred wall.

The two lovers were wrapped in their madness and feared nothing, because they had ceased to think. They were wholly occupied in living,—an absorbing pastime, but one in which few can venture to indulge. Everything was prepared for their setting out and Huddleson had invested in a new pig-tailed wig, although the one he wore was good; but then he traveled to a place where wig-makers are unknown.

The star of Ashti is of the first magnitude; and in its elliptical course, which is long and narrow, it touches the moon's light during each of the four seasons.

It was from this pale point, really a sun of enormous size, that the dragon maid fell to the earth, when her fair-haired sister-



"A woman raised herself on the roof nearest the watcher on the wall, and taking her black hair she made with its darkness the sign of the snake."

than before to harm the girl; since it had been proved that her lover was a very powerful devil indeed, and one who feared no priest or spell.

Now, Nai-nai could not resist a desire to behold the demon, and upon the first clear night when the moon was nearly full, she ventured to look over the edge of the open-



"Huddleson retained his faith in the superiority of Western weapons, and in a moment a revolver gleamed in either hand."

twin had conquered in their battle for the snake-crown. Though thus roughly cast off from her celestial home, the love of To-Lao clung to her own regal diadem during her frightful descent through space.

To-Lao ventured into the hill and beheld her, but he could not speak the music of her throat; and yet, he loved her. Then she, placing the triple azure crown upon her lover's brow, kissed his parted lips, and in the moment he spoke even as the dragon maiden; and when he ceased, poetry was born and floated near them, stretching its untried wings and holding out its hands to them, its parents.

The night of Ashti was come, and Tien Sing made ready to flee with her lover; but even as they set foot upon the ladder, four men sprang upon the roof and ran swiftly toward them. Huddleson retained his faith in the superiority of Western weapons, and in a moment a revolver gleamed in either hand; and he shot the bullies, who were yelling as if possessed, before they could use their knives.

Then, taking Tien Sing in his arms, he ascended the ladder and drew it up after him with difficulty. The guards fired, but holding the girl close, he ran around the wall-top to his own house and disappeared beyond all finding out.

Shan Tung and his relatives hurled the dead bodies of their mercenaries into the street, accompanying the act with exclamations of anger at their intrusion. The plot had failed, and that was good reason for disclaiming any connection with the plotters.

"He that succeeds, him you shall call honorable," is an axiom in the East.

But Nai-nai was angered, and a woman's tongue fears no man. Soon she went upon the roof and reviled Tien Sing and her lover. It was a wonderful piece of cursing and consisted mostly of whole-souled, deep-lunged reflections on the villainy, bestiality and general depravity pertaining to the subjects of the effort. It did more, it stretched backward and included their ancestors, which insult the meekest of Chinese must avenge with blood or else lose all consideration. With growing volume, it went into the future and predicted all manner of evil, and finally died out in shrill pipings, fading into inarticulate rattlings in the old woman's corded and yellow throat.

Nai-nai spat twice toward the wall and descended into the house, where she was regarded with a ludicrous mixture of terror and admiration.

This is the story of how Tien Sing disappeared from out the yamên of Shân Tung. It must be true; for Huddleson told me so

himself, as we were sitting in his official *yamén* in the province of Yun-nan, and at the time we were drinking orange punch. I looked him over carefully, but he showed no traces of the opium fiend, and his palm was moist, while his eyes were clear and plucky.

When a European deserts his people, it is mostly because of some vice; but Huddleson showed me something which needed no excuse. It was a woman, lying outstretched on her couch and she had—— But I won't tell you. You couldn't believe me, you who have never seen what a gold-skinned woman can look like.

I bowed to her, but she continued looking

into the room behind me, so I departed with a sigh. When I left, I thanked Huddleson and congratulated him; but I am very argumentative, so I said:

"Still, it seems to me, it would have been better if you, who had so much, had paid Shan Tung the three hundred cash and gone away decently. What had To-Lao and the other rot to do with it?"

Huddleson looked at me in the kind-hearted but weary manner with which most people regard me at some time or other, and said:

"You don't understand," and he was right—I don't.

SPIDERS

By HARVEY SUTHERLAND

AS one walks forth from his house on a calm spring morning, when every grass blade is gemmed with dew, when the scented air is all embroidered, as it were, with shining strands of melody from the song-birds hidden in the fresh green leaves, when the cattle crop the tender grass and the hens cluck cheerily as they scratch in the moist roadway dust, when all around the sky is rimmed with cock-crow answering to cock-crow, one stops a moment and exclaims: "How calm and peaceful is the scene!" Something stirs within the breast, something that calls to higher, better things, something that asks us why we cannot always be kind and gentle and forbearing, honest and just in all our dealings. A genial warmth o'erspreads the soul and we resolve—— And just then we jam our hats down tight over our eyes and run like the Indians were after us, for we hear our train coming, and we were late to the office yesterday morning.

It is a good lesson, though, to take and keep, but Nature is a poor instructor in kindness, gentleness, forbearance, honesty and justice. Don't let anybody humbug you with the notion that she is. Man is the prime discoverer of these virtues, and their only known exemplar in the universe. Perhaps he does not exemplify them to any alarming extent just now, but you must remember he has not been at it very long,

comparatively speaking. You drop in some day—say about 20,000 years from now—and you will be surprised at the progress he has made.

The fact of the matter is that Nature is all business. Her advice to everybody is, "Get there," and if she has time to spare, she may add, "It doesn't make any difference how, so long as you get there." All this peaceful scene that we admire so mornings when it doesn't rain, and we have plenty of time to get to the station, is one grand riot of murder and lust. The reason why we think murder and lust are horrible is because we are trying to quit being beasts and are trying to become gods. It is a terribly discouraging undertaking, and sometimes we get out of all conceit with our kind when we see how other people behave, but, all things considered, I think we do pretty well. I suppose that as fair a sample as any in the world of "get there" is the spider. She has even got a favorable notice in the Bible; though, as usual, the extreme flexibility of "the original Hebrew" is such that the word "spider" may as well as not be interpreted "lizard," in the text: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces," which is as much as any enterprising person could expect to attain to.

There are very many kinds of spiders besides those that annoy the house-wife with their webs stuck up in the corners of the

rooms and in the windows when she has been too busy with the sewing to look after the house much; but every kind is an appetite on eight legs and thoroughly convinced that nobody can be strong and hearty that lives on vegetables. They all spin more or less, whence their name, which is a contraction of spider or spinner. Also, they bite, and if you listen to all the fool stories that are told, when a spider bites you, you will save time by sending for the lawyer to make your will, and telegraph for the boys to come home at once if they want to see you alive. But I will tell you as between educated people that know a thing or two and do not get scared over every little trifle, that a spider's bite is no worse than a mosquito's—not so bad, in fact. A big spider can kill a small bird with its poison, but it only makes a man's arm swell up and hurt for a day or less and not hurt very much at that. Bertkau could not feel the ordinary domestic spider on the thick skin of his hand, and only between the fingers could the spider make a puncture like that of a dull pin. The worst result was that it itched a little. Blackwall had them draw blood, but that was all. Though one spider bit another so hard that its liver ran out, it lived for more than a year afterward. As for these terrible tarantulas, either the stories told about victims having to dance till they fell down in exhaustion in order to escape death and madness were tremendous whoppers or tarantulas don't bite as bad as they used to. It is true that in those days the Italian violinists had to work overtime composing tarantelles to play for the bitten, but still there were sneering skeptics that said it was all a scheme got up to pass the hat for the wife and family of the suffering man, whom a malignant spider had bitten while he was out looking for a job. Dufour had a tarantula that was quite tame and gentle. She took flies from his fingers like a dear thing. Almost any spider can be taught to take food from forceps and water from a camel's hair brush. They are great water-drinkers, spiders are. I'll say that for 'em. Like the little temperance bird we used to read about, "Water, cold water, is all of their song." Rum and tobacco they turn from with loathing.

I used to think these granddaddy long-legs were spiders; old men, some call them, or harvesters. They are very useful when you want to know the way home. Catch one and—I forget whether you pull one of his legs off or not; I seem to remember that we

pulled one off—and then hold him down by one leg while you ask him quite sharply which is the way home. He will wave a foreleg in the proper direction. It is wonderful the intelligence displayed by the lower orders of creation. But the granddaddy long-legs is not a spider. Neither is he a crab. But he is somewhere in that neighborhood.

All spiders spin, but not all of them spin snares, those orbed and radiated webs that we see pictured so many times and every time pictured wrong. But that only goes to show that the lower animals are not the only ones that possess instinct. I think it will be generally agreed that artists may be classed among the higher animals. At any rate, their instinct is to draw a thing not as it is, but as it appears to a man that doesn't know very much about anything in particular. So he lays off his picture of a spider's web with a pair of dividers, and people marvel at the spider's mathematical sense, whereas a spider doesn't bother her head with any such foolishness. She puts her lines where she thinks they will do the most good regardless of their distance apart.

Here of late, though, I think I have noticed a little improvement in artists. They have begun to notice that the spider always stands head downward in her web, if it be a perpendicular one, and if it is horizontal hangs back downward. Some of these flat-web spiders can hardly walk right side up. But the spider of art never has more than six legs, while the real spider has eight, and the spider of art often has three sections of the body while the real spider never has more than two. The head and chest are in one department, so to speak. There are their eyes, from four to eight in number and disposed in different patterns according to their political affiliations; their jaws, which work sidewise instead of up and down, their poison-bag and a few other arrangements, and in the abdomen or silk department are the heart (a banana shaped affair), the liver, the slit and tubes that do duty for lungs, and the spinnerets. These last are warty-looking affairs that may be spread apart and brought together exactly like the thumb and fingers of the hand. Each wart is covered with hundreds of little hollow hairs through which is expressed a gummy liquid that turns to silk when it dries. Mrs. Spider slaps her spinnerets broad against the wall and sticks fast I don't know how many hundreds of fine filaments. Then she pulls away the spinnerets and shuts them

up, and all those fine filaments melt into one rope, in thickness about one-five-thousandth of an inch. Insects' silk is a simple thread; spiders' is compound.

I am not going into a complex description of how the spider lays off her web except to say that when it extends across any considerable distance she has stood on her head as nearly as she could and emitted a thread which the wind blew till it caught on something. Then she took in the slack and bit it off and threw it away. After the line was taut she crept out on it, always keeping in touch with the home-plate, till she got to the further end, which she made good and secure. Then back to the middle again where she dropped on the end of her line to the ground and made fast there. After that she worked according to the way her people have done since the days when the wood was growing that we now call coal. If it be an orbed snare, then all the outer crossbars are gummed with beads of tanglefoot for careless flies. There is a comparatively open space around the center so that the scuffle that always takes place when there is fresh meat for supper may not wreck the web too vitally, and right in the center itself is usually a nice neat little mat for her to sit on, made of dry, unsticky silk and woven like a crazy quilt or one of these hit-or-miss stained glass windows. Sometimes, instead of plain radii she cards her silk into a flock-like ribbon and zig-zags it down one compartment of the web. Some spiders make an all-round snare; some make a snare like a pie with a piece cut out, and one kind makes a snare shaped like the piece of pie that has been cut out. This last sits there with the slack of her web drawn up tight between her feet and waits. A fool fly bumps into the line. She lets everything go by the run, and the sticky slack falls over the fly. She spreads her spinnerets and drops a flat ribbon of threads over it. The more it kicks, the more it tangles itself. When she can safely do so, the spider bites her prey till it gives up. Then she sucks the juice out of it and sits chewing on her torn silk till she gets all the gum off it, when she throws it away and begins to repair the web.

Other spiders set their webs flat-wise over hollows on the ground, a favorite location being near a path. All the flying and jumping things get out of the way when a man comes along and not looking where they leap, they make business good. Of course, the man often spoils the web, but, la! that doesn't worry the spider any. There's plenty

more where that came from, and, anyhow, she has to spin to pass away the time. By the way, most of their spinning is done at night. In the daytime they take little naps when there is nothing doing. Of these flat-webs some are spun in bushes with a labyrinth of threads running up two or three feet among the twigs over a sort of umbrella-like disk under which the spiders wait. Other little spiders are often permitted to make use of this labyrinth for their own needs, or perhaps it is too much trouble to stop the poaching. There is a good deal of that kind of broad-minded charity in the world.

A little bit like this dome-shaped snare in the bush is the silken diving-bell that the water spiders make on the stems of aquatic plants. There is an opening below, and whenever it begins to get a little stuffy in the nest, which is about half as big as an acorn, mamma goes up to the surface and brings down an armful of air. It often takes fourteen or fifteen trips, but she does not seem to mind the bother. I suppose the spiders that live under boards and stones must often say to themselves: "Mercy! what a way to live," but I can assure them that it is quite dry and cozy, and not at all malarious, and then, too, think what a comfort it must be not to have to lie awake nights and listen to those plagued crickets chirp, chirp. There's everything in living in a quiet neighborhood.

All spiders are pretty good navigators, and when thrown into the water can skate ashore in no time. They never get their feet wet, because the hairy claws imprison the air and keep them dry.

If they are thrown out too far to row in they get to land in a way that puzzled the investigators a long time. The spider stopped running, braced its legs and seemed to be borne along by some mysterious force. But instead of reporting the case to the Society for Psychical Research, the investigators used their eyes and finally one of them noticed that the spider was trying to stand on its head. After that it was easy. She was just casting off a long strand of silk, and the wind was taking it for a sail. When the thread got close enough to land to tangle on a bush or clump of grass the spider climbed out of the water on it. And then the investigators all said, "Why, sure! Why didn't we think of that before?" That is the way the young ones travel when they leave home their fortunes for to seek. They say, "Well, good-by, ma!" and then climb up on a fence-

paling. While she is telling them to be good and to be careful about wasps, and to do up their laundry every week and be sure and write, they are spinning out a thread, and when it gets two or three yards long, away they go till they find some place where they think they would like to settle down and build up a practice. It is these threads of young adventurers that you feel across your face late in the summer. When Mr. Darwin was on board the *Beagle* sixty miles from land, near the mouth of the La Plata, the ship's rigging was covered with them. He never saw a spider come to the deck on a mass of web, which some people suppose they fly on, but always at the end of one thread.

It is a curious fact that these floating threads will take the bluing off a gun barrel. I have been unable to find out why. The threads of the big tropical spiders are distinctly bitter to the taste, but though the first thought a man has when he tastes anything bitter is that it must be good for medicine, the only use the healing art makes of spiders' webs is to use them to stanch the flow of blood. The kind of web used for that grows under the counters of groceries, and it was one of these spiders that caught a mouse. I will admit, right in the beginning, that this looks like a pretty large story, but it is substantiated by no less a personage than the late Proctor Knott, who was then Governor of Kentucky, though his greater claim to fame was his speech in Congress about Duluth, "the zenith city of the unsalted seas," as he humorously called it, which is very far indeed from being anything nowadays, but a plain statement of fact as he lived to see. Governor Knott made a signed statement of the event and sent it to Professor McCook, whose authority on the spider question nobody will dispute. He saw the spider shortly after she had snared the mouse by the end of its tail, and while it was still alive and struggling half way off the ground, and he saw it after it had been hoisted nine inches from the floor and all wrapped up in silk. He calls particular attention to the way the spider kept stirring up the mouse by biting it so as to get another line on it. I can just imagine that spider after she had worked all day hauling on lines and holloaing, "Yo-hee!" to her children that were helping her—if, indeed, they didn't stand round and let her do all the work. "Law!" she gasped, when the prize was finally landed in the nest, "I'm just done out! But, my! 'Twas worth it.

Phew! Why, come in, Mrs. Linyphia. Hain't seen you I don't know when. Children, get up and let Mrs. Linyphia set down. Ain't you got no manners at all? Run along now and don't be gawking at the company like you never seen nobody before. Yes, I done it all myself, and it just about tuckered me, Mrs. Linyphia. I don't know's I'll ever get over it. I strained my back turrable lifting so hard, but I thinks to myself, 'I'll mebby never git another chance to git so much meat in to once, and my family is such turrable eaters.'

And this adventure with a mouse is not the only case on record where spiders have done deeds of high emprise. The Hon. David E. Evans, of Batavia, N. Y., saw a striped snake nine inches long caught and killed by a spider, its mouth shut up with threads of silk and its tail tied to a knot so as to form a loop through which was reeved a cord as strong as sewing silk made of multiplied threads and run up over a sort of pulley of which a dead fly was the core. Maybe you think that is a pretty able-bodied yarn, but what do you call the statement that a *Dolomedes* spider has been seen to catch and land a fish? No, I'm sure I've got it right. It wasn't the fish that caught the spider. There wouldn't be any story in that at all. It was the spider that caught the fish. It leaped on the fish's shoulders and bit and bit and swung ashore and fastened lines till it warped the fish out of water. It wasn't a very big fish, I grant you, if one may go by the picture in the book, but it was a fish and that is wonderful enough in itself.

Comparatively few spiders spin webs, though. Most of them hunt their prey and regularly run it down. Also, they have to look out for themselves, for spiders are regarded as good eating by the most discriminating epicures of the animal kingdom. So some of them line holes in the ground with silk for their homes. Sometimes their own bodies do for the front door. They are shaped like a champagne cork and as they crawl in tight, there is nothing for the robber to take hold of. It is like trying to open a bottle with your fingers when the cork is driven home. Others have hinged doors covered with moss so that they will not attract notice, but if you are inclined to marvel at the intelligence of these little animals pray suspend judgment a moment. Moggridge took away the moss-covered lid of one of these homes and dug up all the earth around. The spider made a new lid

and put moss on it, though thereby she made it the most conspicuous object in the neighborhood.

In some of these tubes in the ground spiders build a sort of a Y with a trap-door shutting off one arm, it works just the same as if they had thought it all out thus, "Now, some creature will chase me in here. I'll run up the side arm and shut the trap after me. It will go on down to the bottom, and I'll open the trap and there I'll have him penned up and I'll kill him when I get ready." So also the spiders that do side-steps. They must reason, or some ancestor must have reasoned for them thus, "All of our enemies figure that we will run forward. Well, I'll just fool 'em. I'll take a hop to one side." Also when the *nephila plumipes*, a big black-and-yellow person that hangs in her web in plain sight, sees an evil-disposed bird making for her, what does she do? She vanishes. Run? Never. She vanishes, I tell you. Stays where she is, but goes out of sight. She shakes her web so violently that instead of appearing to be a big, fat, juicy spider there is only a haze where she was. *Pholcus*, the long-legged cellar-spider that spins an irregular web, in similar circumstances swings its body in a circle so fast that it cannot be seen. Orb-weavers scatter rubbish in their webs till they look like old things that have been up two or three months, and then they get in line with the chips and bits of bark that they themselves have put there. The trick of imitating spots on grass-stems, scales on trees, lichens and the like, is wonderful. Some spiders have found it a paying proposition to look like the stamens and pistils of bright-colored flowers. There they stand by the hour with their yellow forelegs stuck up stiff into the air. A butterfly comes along and alights to suck honey. He never gets away alive. The resemblance is so close that botanists are deceived. One kind of a spider spins a little round patch of white silk on a leaf. It sits in the center. The outer edge of its body is a light, grayish green merging into white. In the center of its body is a dark spot. An entomologist was once quite curious to know what could attract butterflies to birds' droppings. He tried to pull one away from it. He found that he had made the same mistake that the butterfly had. The reason why it didn't fly away was that the spider had hold of it and was sucking its blood. Some spiders not only look like withered flowers lying on the ground, but have developed a

perfume like jasmine. Some look like snail-shells, and one smart *salticus* disports herself on sunny walls and fences after this fashion: She walks hurriedly, stops abruptly, rapidly moves her jaws as if she were cleaning her front legs after she had rubbed the dust off her wings, only she hasn't any wings. Some one of the horse flies behaving the same way opens conversation: "How do you do, sir? Nice weather we're hav— Help! murder! watch!" but *salticus* has him all right.

A fair test of the enemies any animal has, its tastiness and its skill in evading foes is the number it has in family. So if a spider lays hundreds of eggs at once it is a sure thing that the mortality in her race is very great, in spite of her tricks of make-up. But one araneid, called the *synageles picata*, lays only three eggs, and yet there is no scarcity of the species. That it has so great immunity is due solely to its powers as an actor. It does not jump nor walk in a straight line, but runs in zig-zags exactly like an ant that is hunting. The real ant at other times runs straight enough, but *picata* always zig-zags. Other spiders always remain motionless, while eating; ants always twitch their abdomens. *Picata* twitches her abdomen while she eats, beats the ground with her forelegs and pulls her food about. More than that, she is got up to look as nearly as possible like an ant. To be sure, she has only two segments to her body while the ant has three, but the first segment is narrowed in so as to look as if it were properly divided. It has never been seen to eat ants or prey upon them, but it may be depended upon that the fraud pays or it would not be kept up. Without knowing too much about it, the entomologists suppose that *synageles'* life is safe because an ant is a pretty uncomfortable customer to tackle. It is hard and horny in its shell; it bites and its comrades bite, and worst of all it is sourer than all get out. Next time you pick up a nice sweet harvest apple off the ground, don't brush off that little ant before you bite, but chew up ant and all. It won't hurt you, but, dear, dear! rhubarb and green gooseberries are not to be mentioned thereafter. It is the formic acid in the ant that makes your mouth pucker. A long time ago they used to make chloroform out of formic acid expressed from ants.

Some spiders are very beautiful indeed, and this is one of the reasons why it is known that spiders have a color sense. It is pretty certain that they cannot hear, or if

they do they sense it as a vibration, not as a sound. But when a spider is as white as milk, with a crimson stripe on each side of her abdomen, it is tolerably certain that this coloration helps her to get a beau. Of course, it also indicates to other creatures that she is a particularly bitter pill. Animals that are gaudily colored and swagger about are regarded as wisely left alone. I am looking straight at you, young man, as I say this, and you may take it from me that it is good, sound sense. There is more in these few words than meets the eye, and you had better chew on it a little.

As a general thing in the world below us, it is the male that has all the fine clothes, but, with some exceptions, it is the female spider that bosses the ranch. This beautiful, milk-white spider with the crimson trimmings has a little runt of a husband that goes about in plain brown, with dark markings, and he is lucky to be alive. As a rule, in spider-land the males are undersized. They don't last long. It is a kind of a hard world for he-spiders. Imagine how it would be if a man's wife were 1,300 times as big as he was. He would have to take all her impudence and back-talk without a whimper. I'm glad I'm not a spider—at least, not a he-spider. When he goes courting, his girl treats him meaner than a dog.

But even the spideress with the highest principles will finally succumb to the charms of some young whiffet or other, but if he stays around the place he has to understand distinctly that he must keep out of the way. She's got a lot of things on her mind and she can't be bothered with him. He knows what she means. So he hops around, hangs to her when he can, drops when he can, dodges when he can, but you know what the upshot of it always is. One day there is a withered he-spider skin hanging in the web and the widow stops and looks at it before she throws it out. She smacks her mouth. "Well," says she and draws a long breath, "he certainly was good to me."

The jumping and running spiders are really most interesting to watch in Love's brief delirium. Then they put on their nicest clothes and do all sorts of cake walks and dances for each other. The *icius* has regular assembly balls, the men dancing in front of the women and showing off their fancy steps. Every once in a while there is a scrimmage at the lower end of the hall, and all the fellows skate down there, and you'd think by the fuss that there was nothing less than murder going on. The women wring their

hands and moan, "Ain't it awful? It's jist disgraceful. If I'd 'a' knowed it was goin' to be like this— Oo-ooh! did you see Riley paste him then?" The young things cry and carry on, but the old matrons fan themselves and gape and talk about their rheumatism. They know that it is all got up to impress them, and that nobody gets hurt.

Phidippus morsitans is considered about the best dancing species, and when the male rigs out and goes sparking it is a sight to see. His first pair of legs is long, and he waves them about and stretches them up in front of the lady, as much as to say, "Hail, great queen! Sovereign of my heart!" They are white, plummy things and ought to captivate her first thing. But she sulks and sometimes she makes a dive for him and he has to drop the "Hail, great queen" business and take to the woods. But if he once can get her to watch his dancing, her heart is his. He stands up as high as he can on his four right legs and crouches down as long as he can on his four left legs and circles about, getting closer and closer to her. She rushes at him. He retreats; he is coy. Then he changes legs. He stands as high as he can on his left legs and crouches on his right set. It is when he is going away from her that the poor girl catches her breath in ecstasy and literally stands on her head. After he has circled about 120 times, she exclaims: "Take me! I am yours."

All spiders do not kill and eat their husbands. *Linyphia* live happily together in one web, and *dolomes mirabilis* will defend his little ones. I suppose that is why he is called *mirabilis*, but it is only too true that domestic life among the araneids is a tough proposition, as a general thing. Mamma eats papa and little Dorothy eats Harold, unless Marguerite catches him first. One of the things that make the rare tract of Raymond Maria de Termeyer on spider silk such delightful reading is his horror at the cruelty and rapacity of the female. Poor de Termeyer! He was at great pains to bring up a lot of *diadema* spiders, fed them assiduously with flies caught by his own hands, found out how to put a rig-a-ma-jig across their bodies so as to keep them from cutting off the thread with their hind legs, and invented a reel so as to wind silk out of them by the hundred yards at a time. He had his servant Lucrezia spin the silk into stockings for his serene majesty Charles III., of Spain, the first stockings ever made on this or any other earth out of spider's silk, and sent

them to the king, and—that was the last he ever heard of them. The Count of Florida Blanca said the king got them all right, but there never was a "Thank you" or "Aren't they nice?" or anything of the kind. I fancy it must have been that the gift came at an inopportune moment when affairs of state were at a critical point, say like this: "Twenty-seven and a run of three. Got you that time. Oh, look here! How can you peg six? Where's your run of four? Well, but that's only four and you pegged—oh, yes. I see. Two for the thirty-one. What is it, Florida Blanca? Oh, of course you'd have a nine! I never saw such a man to peg. Stockings, eh? Got more stockings now than I know what to do with. Twenty-two and a pair. Oh, you bet you'd have another one for a pair royal. It's a go. Well, what do I care if they were made of spiders' silk? It's a go, I said. Spiders' silk! The idea! Does he think I'm a fool? One for the last card. You can't do anything with spiders' webs. Where's your fifteen-six? Fifteen-two, fifteen-four— Oh, yes, that's all right, I guess. Lemme see what I got. Oh, run along Florida Blanca. I don't care what you do with 'em. Don't you see I'm busy? Not a blame thing in the crib! Well, what do you think of that for luck?"

Not only did the king neglect him, but all the world beside, so that now there is only one copy of his pamphlet in all America. Dr. Wilder has translated it and has written something himself about the silk-producing capacity of *nephila plumipes*. If you turn her over on her back and pin her down with a shield so as to keep her legs out of the road, it is possible to draw silk finer and stronger and more elastic than that of the silk-worm from her. She seems to like it for about 300 yards, and then she quits for a while. But in three days Dr. Wilder spun out more than two miles of beautiful yellow floss. Nothing is more certain than that silk can be produced in unlimited quantities by almost any of the orb-weaving spiders. Nothing also is more certain than that the bother of feeding the creatures and collecting their silk would cost more than it would come to. If they could be taught to live on hay, say, instead of their fellow-mortals the spider-silk industry might yet become a pillar of our national prosperity. I should think somebody would undertake the task of converting them to vegetarian principles. It looks easy—that is, compared with some things, for instance, trying to make people sober and temperate when they don't want to be sober and temperate.

THE FACTORY WHISTLES

By JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

The night is rent with sudden hoarse alarms
The dawn has barely tinged the winter skies,
And trails of smoke from grimy chimneys rise,
Where labor's bugles call a world to arms.

Through squalid streets the army makes its way,
Childhood and age in one are blended there.
No flush of hope the pallid faces wear,
As bleak before them breaks the barren day.

Their wage a weary war without redress,
Their leaders false, they fight not for their own;
Delight and hours of ease they have not known,
Still to the strife their columns slowly press.

LAVINY SAUNDERS' WEDDING

By MARY SHERBURNE

YES, we had a wedding at our house; Laviny Slocum, Laviny Saunders that was.

You don't remember her? Well, come to think on it, I guess her folks did move to Salem about the time your folks was moving away. She was born on the old Larkins place, out on the North Fork, just past the old burying ground, and she was quite a chunk of a girl when her folks moved to town. That was—let me see—pretty close on to thirty years ago. Yes, Laviny's thirty-five—no, thirty-six. Lucy—that's her oldest girl—she's going on fifteen, and Laviny was just lacking two months of being twenty years old when she married Joe Slocum. Yes, that was thirty years ago, come next May.

You knew Joe Slocum? Yes, I guess everybody who ever lived in Salem knew him, and liked him, too. You just couldn't help liking him, he was so good-natured and cheery, never said a cross word in his life as I know of, and was always going out of his way to give other folks a lift. I always liked Joe, and I like him yet. Of course, I ain't a-saying but what he was too easy-going and shiftless. Certainly, being good-natured and cheerful, and all that, don't feed a wife and three children, and he wa'n't never any sort of a provider, and I ain't a-saying as Laviny hadn't good grounds to complain on.

Everybody shook their heads when Laviny married Joe, and nobody couldn't quite make out just why she did it. She wa'n't good-looking—that is, not handsome—but she was plump, and rosy, and fresh, and lively, and jolly, and all the young fellers was soft on her. She wouldn't look at none of them, but up and married Joe, the slowest and least pushing of 'em all, and he loved her like a

great, big, faithful dog, and he does yet. Everybody said they never would get on together, 'cause Joe couldn't earn but the skimpiest kind of a living, and Laviny liked nice things as well as anybody, good clothes and her own home, and nice things for the children; and everybody was surprised when she settled down and took things as Joe provided, and I tell you it wa'n't much that Joe provided, either. It must have been pretty trying for Laviny, 'cause she's high-spirited and ambitious; but she never made no complaint, and after a while when the children got out of her arms, she put her shoulder to the wheel and helped along, and then it wa'n't so bad. She took boarders when she could get 'em, and sewed, and gave music lessons. She's considerable of a musician, took lessons in Columbus, and she played the organ in the Methodist Church. Laviny's done her share. She's deserving of a sight of credit, Laviny is, and she never got cross and scolded, as some women do whose husbands don't get on.

Well, we moved away from Salem just about the time that Laviny's youngest girl was a baby. Alice—she's my eldest girl—

she came to Chicago afore the rest of us did. She'd been teaching in Salem quite a spell, and did real well; but she got tired and wanted a change, so she came here and did real well here, too. And then the other three girls wanted to come, and as pa'd just sold out his grocery business in Salem, there wa'n't any good reason why we shouldn't come, and so we did. Well, I hadn't heard anything from Laviny for quite a spell, until we got a letter from her, saying she'd been thinking things over, and had concluded to quit Joe. He hadn't never provided a living for her and the children, and she guessed



"Certainly, being good-natured and cheerful, and all that, don't feed a wife and three children and he wa'n't never any sort of a provider."

she could take care of herself and the children better without him than with, and she'd made up her mind to come to Chicago, and wanted to know if she could stay with us a little time until she could look around. She didn't say nothing about a divorce at first, and I thought maybe she was just trying to scare Joe into doing better. You know I am dreadfully set against divorces, and I think it's awful to break up a home, and I just knew all the folks in Salem would talk scand'lous, and Joe'd be broken-hearted, and I more than half believed that Lavin'y'd wish she hadn't done it after a bit.

But pa says—you know pa always did have a soft spot in his heart for Lavin'y—she's his favorite niece—pa says:

"Tell her to come right along and bring the children and stay just as long as she wants to. She won't go hungry."

And so Lavin'y came.

I thought she'd look mournful-like and droopy, but she didn't, not a mite. She was just as plump and rosy and chipper as ever. You wouldn't have thought she'd ever had a care in her life. That's clean against my notions, and I asked her how Joe took it when she came away. She didn't say much, only that Joe took it considerable bad. I guess Lavin'y thought I didn't altogether like it, and so she never told me much, and I've had to sort of suspicion how things was. Pa sympathized with her, and she told him things she wouldn't tell me.

Didn't it hurt her to leave Joe? Not as I know of. She cried a little when she told pa about it, and I guess she was some affected, but I don't know. Folks in Salem do say as how Joe took it dreadful, just mopes around like a ghost, and ain't never smiled since, and he told Mrs. Prentice—she lived next door—that he didn't blame Lavin'y; he hadn't never done his duty by her and the children, and he guessed he wasn't any good, anyhow, and all that was left for him was to crawl away somewheres and die.

Well, as I was saying, Lavin'y came and her three children, and my girls helped her along wonderful. They found a nice little flat for her and helped her get settled. She brought all her furniture from Salem, excepting a few things that was Joe's. And we got her a chance to play the organ in the Peaceful Valley Methodist Church. I always go to the Peaceful Valley Church, but the girls have lately got more style and go to the Rio Grande Avenue Church, but I like Rev. Mr. McCush better. He took a real interest in Lavin'y and talked very comfort-

ing to her. He used to preach in Salem. And then the church folks got interested in Lavin'y, and got her a lot of music scholars. Lavin'y's a good teacher, and she is jolly and good-natured, and everybody likes her right to start on, and so, of course, she did splendid. Lucy tended the flat and looked after the two little ones just wonderful. Lucy is a real little woman.

The church folks was real sympathetic with Lavin'y at first, but she didn't say much about Joe, and didn't look a mite weighted down, and so, after a while, they sort of stopped.

Well, after a bit, pa says, quiet-like, that Lavin'y was counting on getting a divorce. I never said a word. Law! it don't do any good. When a woman has set her heart on getting a divorce, she gets it; but I couldn't see what she needed of a divorce. She was fixed real comfortable, earning a pretty good living for herself and the children, and Lucy was a first-rate little housekeeper. As I said, I didn't make no comments, when pa told me, but I believe if I'd known there was a man anywhere around I couldn't have kept still.

Didn't Lavin'y tell us about Mr. Hopkins? No, she didn't. First thing I knew of Mr. Hopkins was when I saw him at Lavin'y's. Pa and I had just dropped in to see Lavin'y. I wanted her receipt for making lobster salad, she always did have wonderful luck making salad, and there was Mr. Hopkins setting in her parlor, and Lavin'y fussing around all flustered and blushing. Well, I seen through it in a minute, but, law sakes! pa didn't. He shook hands with Mr. Hopkins, and was real glad to see him.

Mr. Hopkins had been in the grocery business down to the Junction and pa'd met him occasional.

Well, Lavin'y played and sung "Juniata," "Annie Laurie," and such things, and Mr. Hopkins sung with her. He is a pretty good singer. And both of them looked at each other in the most languishing kind of a way.

We stayed most the whole evening, and pa was quite carried away with Lavin'y and Mr. Hopkins, but I kept thinking about poor Joe, and Lavin'y marrying again, and I couldn't get a mite of comfort. On the way home I says to pa, sudden-like—he was feeling real good, and humming "Annie Laurie": "Pa," I says, "Lavin'y's going to marry again."

Pa stopped right still. "Lavin'y marry again," says he. "No, no."

"Yes," I says, decided-like, "it's so, and

I just think it's scand'lous for a woman to be getting a new husband when she ain't more'n rid of the old one, and I want you to go and tell her plain that such things ain't right, and you don't approve of it."

"Yes, yes, of course," he says, "if it's so, but then I don't know as it's so."

"Well, it is," I says, "and if you don't talk to her, I will."

And then pa said he would go right off, and he did the very next day, and Hopkins was there—he courted Lavinia as regular as could be.

And Hopkins said he was intending to come and see pa, 'cause he was courting Lavinia honorable, and as pa was her uncle and all the relations she had in Chicago, he just most assuredly wanted pa's consent, and pa—

Well, you know he never could say things that hurt folks. Well, he didn't say nothing. And then Hopkins said that he was desperately in love with Lavinia—he hadn't never loved until he met Lavinia. Just think of that; when he'd been married twenty-five

years! He's all of forty-eight, every day, and he's got six children back at the Junction—and the very minute he saw Lavinia he fell in love. Lavinia didn't do much talking, was quiet and demure-like, but she won pa over, and before pa came home he quite agreed that Lavinia was wise in marrying again. Lavinia even asked him if they couldn't have a quiet little wedding at our house, and pa, of course, says yes.

Naturally, I ain't saying as pa can't have

his own niece married in his house, and so I tried to be as cordial as I could, and I guess Lavinia's got no call to say as I didn't do things proper.

They counted on being married in two weeks, and what with cleaning the whole house through and through, and getting new curtains for the parlor windows, and new dishes here and there that I needed, anyhow, to say nothing of getting my old black silk dress made over, I hadn't a minute to spare.

It didn't seem much like getting ready for a wedding, Lavinia being a grass widow, and Hopkins— Well, you wouldn't never take him for a bridegroom.

You've seen him? Oh, yes, you was down at the Junction one summer, when your sister was so sick. Oh, yes, I remember it now. That was the summer my Emmy was a baby, and your sister had a dreadful time. I don't really believe she would have pulled through at all if it hadn't been for your nursing.

Well, as I was saying, he ain't my notion of a bridegroom.

He's tall and

thin, and bald-headed and shallow, and he's so dreadfully sour and solemn-looking; why, he never smiles. I can't understand why they was so awfully taken with each other, unless it's the law of contrairies. Lavinia's just as different as can be, jolly and laughing, and making friends with everybody the very first minute.

You knew Hopkins' first wife? Such a little, over-worked, depressed-looking body I never saw. She's never found Jordan an



"Well, Lavinia played and sung 'Juniata,' 'Annie Laurie,' and such things, and Mr. Hopkins sung with her."

easy way to travel, poor thing. She's brought up six children, all boys, every one of them, and did her own housework and sewing, and helped Hopkins in the grocery store, off and on. Now, I tell you there ain't no such thing as forgiving a man for throwing off such a good, faithful wife, who's done her duty for him and his children, through thick and thin, just because he's met another woman, who ain't so little and peaked-faced and mournful.

Somehow, he never seemed to get on at the Junction. People do say, and pa don't say it ain't so, that he sold out to keep from busting up, and then he moved to Salem. Mrs. Hopkins and the children stayed quite a while longer at the Junction. The two oldest boys had real good positions, and the next boy was just getting started.

Hopkins always was a Methodist, and so, when he came to Salem, he commenced going to the Salem Methodist Church right away. Laviny was playing the organ, and just the very minute he saw her sitting at

the organ, all rosy and smiling, he fell in love with her, and vowed he'd never rest until he'd married Laviny Slocum. Them's his very words.

Did Laviny fall in love with him that sudden? I don't know; she doesn't say, but it wa'n't long before she decided to come to Chicago. She'd been thinking about it for years, but hadn't made up her mind.

Mrs. Hopkins came to Salem soon after Laviny moved to Chicago, but she didn't stay long. She went back to the Junction, and people do say her boys is real good to her, and that ought to be a comfort to Laviny, but it don't nowise make it right for Hopkins to be leaving his true and lawful wife.

Well, Hopkins didn't find the grocery business in Salem any better than he had at the Junction, and he sold out there, and people do say that after he paid all the bills he was owing on it, there was precious little left.

We ain't never had a wedding at our

house. My girls is all grown up, but they ain't the marrying kind. Alice is principal of the Monterey Park School, and Jessie is head assistant of the Montezuma Avenue School, and Stella is head teacher in drawing in the Alexander Hamilton High School, and Emmy—she's the youngest—she's a-going to school yet. Of course, I'm real pleased that my girls is doing so well, but I do really believe, although I oughtn't never to own it—but I'm a good bit old-fashioned—yes, I believe if they'd found good, honest men and married, I believe I'd have liked it better. And then the grandchildren. Somehow, when anybody has got to my age, they someway expect grandchildren. Pa just thinks his girls is perfect, and he's right, too, and he never complains noways, but just the other day, he says, sort of wistful-like:

"There ain't nothing



"She never found Jordan an easy way to travel, poor thing. She's brought up six children, all boys, every one of them, and did her own housework and sewing."

I'm envying Cousin Joel but his little, freckled-faced grandchildren."

Cousin Joel has been visiting us, and he's been telling us a sight about his grandchildren. And when pa notices that Emmy doesn't never say anything about teaching or anything great to earn a living, but just likes pretty clothes and having a good time with the other young folks, he smiles contented-like and says maybe Emmy will marry, and I hope so myself, but I don't know. Between my girls not marrying at all and Lavinia marrying too much, I don't somehow get my bearings right.

Well, as I was saying, everything went lovely right up to the day before the wedding. I got my house-cleaning done up right and proper, and my dress looked like new.

Emmy was just tickled to death with the notion of having a real wedding in the house. She belongs to a Domestic Science Club, and the whole club was interested—all young folks like Emmy, and they 'most took possession of the house the day before the wedding. Such a parcel of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girls, and such a clatter of tongues and running about,—bless you, I just love them, and every one was so curious and so eager. They decorated the parlor after all the new-fangled notions they'd learned, and, bless you, I wouldn't have known the room.

Pretty? Oh, yes, indeed. And they looked after the wedding dinner—the menu, they called it. Law sakes! I wa'n't much more than a looker-on.

But right when we were in the very midst of it, Emmy came into the kitchen, and said that Lavinia and Hopkins wanted to see me in the parlor. Of course, every one of the girls was dying to see the bride and groom, and was peeking through the crack in the dining-room door.

I went in, and so did pa. He was helping round, very satisfied-like—he always did like to have young folks about. Lavinia and Hopkins was sitting there, looking the very picture of despair, and pa stood there a-looking at them. He knew something was wrong, but he didn't say anything. Lavinia didn't say anything, and I says, finally, "Well, what's the matter?"

But Lavinia didn't want to tell me, and kept looking at pa, but finally she says, stifled-like, "The wedding's got to be put off."

And pa was still sitting there, looking at her, and not saying anything, and so I says, "Put off, Lavinia? What for?"

Lavinia hated desperately to tell. But she

had to at last. And she broke all down, wringing her hands and crying, and saying she didn't know what she'd do, and what would the church people say, and what would Mr. McCush think, and it was all such



"... the girls was dying to see the bride and groom."

a dreadful thing, and there never was anybody in all the world so unfortunate as she was, and all the time Hopkins was sitting still, as glum as a meeting-house, and not saying a word, and pa was looking from one to the other of them, and not saying a word, either, and all those girls was just beginning to understand that something was wrong, and was crowding to see—why, the crack in the door was just full of faces!

At last, I says, "Lavinia Slocum, what is the matter?" Emmy says I looked just like the Day of Judgment when I said it.

"Oh, it's the divorce," she wailed. "We haven't got the divorce. What will I do? What will Mr. McCush say and the church folks? The judge wasn't there to sign the divorce. Oh, what will I do?"

Now, would you believe it? Those silly people, just think of it, and at their age, too. They had gone and arranged about the wedding, and hadn't got Lavinia's divorce.

How did it happen? Well, you see, the judge heard the case quite a spell ago, and as Joe wasn't there to say anything against it, of course, the judge said they could have it. The lawyers said something about order-

ing it "wrote up." Well, they wrote it up, and got it ready for the judge to sign, and Lavinny and Hopkins went down after it, but lo and behold! the judge's mother down in York State was took sick sudden and the judge had to go down there, and he went away before he'd signed the divorce. There wasn't any way of getting the divorce signed in time for the wedding, and they couldn't say very much, 'cause, of course, the fellers around the court might tell the judge when he got back, and then maybe they wouldn't get the divorce at all.

Well, that was a pretty kettle of fish, anyhow, and Lavinny took on dreadful. I could hardly worm the story out of her. Of course, I was sorry for her, in a way, but I must own, I kind of thought it served her right.

It does beat all how curious girls are; such a craning of necks, and peeking and listening I never did see.

Well, something had got to be done right away. A whole lot of the church folks was invited, and Mr. McCush was to marry them, and it would never do to let the folks get there and no wedding. Lavinny was so unstrung she couldn't think of a single thing, and pa was as limp as a rag, and Hopkins glum and not saying nothing. There wa'n't anybody but me as appeared to have a grain of sense left, and I just set all those girls to work writing little notes and taking them around to the folks that had been invited, saying that on account of being called out of the city because of sickness—I didn't say it was the judge—the wedding was put off,

and I told Hopkins he'd got to pack his valise and go away somewheres until the day after the day they'd set for the wedding, and I told pa he'd got to go right over to Mr. McCush and explain it all. Naturally, Mr. McCush would be shocked dreadful, but pa is a master-hand at honeying things over, and so I knew that that was all right. Then I got Lavinny into the bedroom and made her

lay down, and told her she'd got to quiet her nerves and not take on so, and I put away the cooking and baking things, but I couldn't bear to take down the decorating fixings in the parlor, they was so pretty.

But they were married after all? Oh, yes, about three weeks after they got the divorce, but they didn't have no wedding to speak of, nobody there but the minister, and me and pa for witnesses.

Is Lavinny fixed comfortable? Oh, yes, she's got her

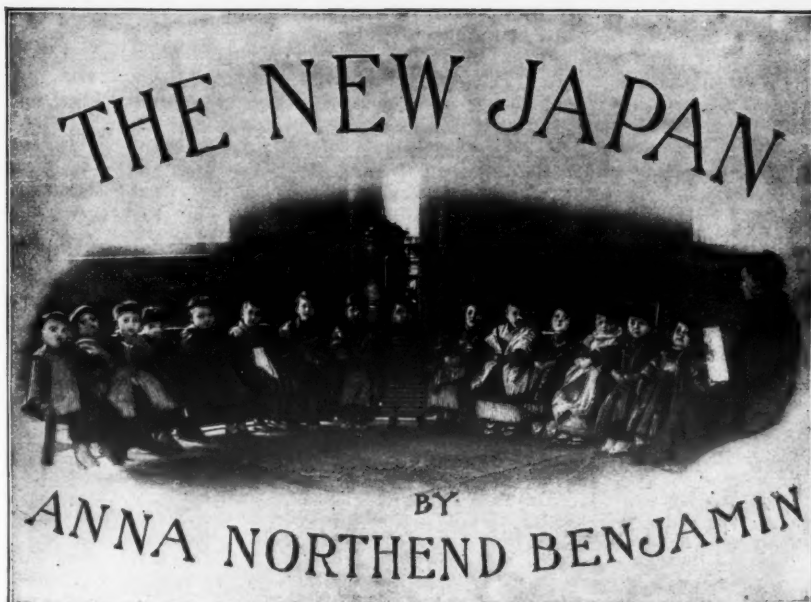
little flat; Mr. Hopkins moved right in after they was married, and she's got her music scholars just the same, and plays the organ in church, though Mr. McCush thought real serious of taking it away from her.

Ain't Mr. Hopkins in business? Oh, no, not yet. He's looking around, and expects to get located sometime, but, as long as Lavinny's doing so well, I suppose he thinks there ain't no special hurry.

About the same as Joe? Yes, I guess he is, and I'm thinking if Lavinny was going to take care of a man, she had better have kept the old one, and not bothered getting a new one and a divorce and all that.



"But pa is a master-hand at honeying things over."



The Kindergarten in Repose.

TO-DAY our interests are centering more and more about the Far East, so that an understanding of Japan has obviously a practical value. This nation, by reason of its Oriental heritage and its Western equipment, stands as a medium by which the widely different civilizations of East and West may learn toleration and sympathy for each other. Yet a clear comprehension of Japanese character and institutions is difficult to arrive at. Especially hard to appreciate is the real significance and potency of that movement which we may term the modernizing of Japan.

Often it seems as impossible to learn vital facts about the Japanese in the country itself as it does in the West, for we have the paradox that, in order to learn of the Japanese, through the Japanese, we must first understand the Japanese! This is as difficult as it sounds. Before we discover, for instance, that the natives of Japan are apt to answer a question, even though they know nothing about it, we may absorb a hundred false and conflicting ideas.

I asked the same questions of Japanese people that I met from Nagasaki to Tokio, and nearly every one answered something different. When the question dealt with the abstract, this could be accounted for by

divergence of opinion; when it related to customs, it could be explained by the fact that dissimilar usages were found in the various parts of the Empire; when it was a question of absolute, provable fact—such as the number of soldiers stationed at a post, or the size of a city—there was only the conclusion that the informant was ignorant or misinformed. There are few American citizens who could answer the list of questions concerning the United States that I asked about Japan. When we think of it, it is hardly fair to expect that every Japanese should be an encyclopedia of minute fact concerning everything in his own country. Generally speaking, I do not think that the Japanese are possessed of the general information of Western people, though when a subject becomes a matter of study, they surprise us with the thoroughness of their knowledge. Their readiness to answer all queries springs partly from their traditional feeling of courtesy which enjoins them to be obliging, often at the sacrifice of truth.

It is possible, by applying to the proper authorities, to find out how low the thermometer falls in Japan every winter, to learn the degree of dampness, and the snow-fall and the rainfall; but none of these accurately recorded facts could dispel the

idea of Japan's perennial balm, as did the bitter, biting, damp wind which rushed out to greet us as we entered the harbor of Nagasaki on the transport *Pennsylvania*, hailing from the tropics. The next morning the hills piled around the harbor were cov-

concessions to winter weather. With the "hibachi," they never pretend to heat more than their finger tips which they hold over the coals; it is used when the house is entirely open. The houses, as every one knows, are built of thin, light wood, and the

sliding panels which serve for doors and windows have paper panes. They are as apt to be open as closed during the day. When I took my first "jinrikisha" ride through the streets of Nagasaki, I forgot my own sufferings in my sympathy for this unhappy nation, which, as surely as the cold came, endured such misery from it. The coolies wear thin blue cotton clothes, and are always paddling through the mud. The storekeepers sit out in their open booths, and the women go bareheaded about the streets. In the houses of the rich, the still cold behind the closed panels is often more intense than that outside in the sunshine, where the air is



Some Officers of Old Japan.

ered with snow. Nothing in Japan impressed me so much as this penetrating cold. It gave me my first great shock of surprise, and caused me more discomfort than a New England winter. It also introduced to me, at once, some of the great physical characteristics of the Japanese. Had I gone to Japan in summer, perhaps I should never have realized that the people are Spartans.

I suppose that the American people and the Russians are the only Western races that really keep warm in winter; still those who dwell in other countries admit that they have the same ideal by their inefficient effort to attain to it. The Japanese winter is most trying on account of its continual dampness, but the Japanese are content to remain cold. They make almost no effort to overcome it. The old "Bushido" (chivalrous) idea of the "samurai" (knights) was that it was effeminate to feel cold, and such is their severe training that they do not really feel it as we do. The wearing of some extra "kimonos" and the use of a "hibachi," or brazier, in which are a few tiny sticks of lighted charcoal, are the only

stirring. The schools and public buildings are equally frigid. It seemed to me that the only warm things in Japan were the babies, who looked like bundles of gayly-colored crepe, their round heads covered by knit caps. They slumber peacefully tucked down their mothers' backs. The attempt to keep warm in winter is not entirely a "modern improvement," though it goes with Western civilization. The Koreans do it very thoroughly, the Chinese to a certain extent. The Japanese, as a race, continue to scorn it as they always have done; and this is merely one of a hundred examples which prove that the Japanese are still true to their traditions in their daily life, and as yet little affected in the ordering of their homes, by the ideas adopted from the West.

There are foreigners living in Japan who say that the Japanese are still "barbarous" because they retain so many of their own customs. The New Japan is merely a veneer over the old, and the old is always cropping through. I heard of a good woman who was interested in the Japanese on purely altruistic grounds. Her mission was "to

get the Japanese off the floor" (on which they have been wont to sit for about two thousand years). This sacred enthusiasm for the chair was born of the instinctive and arrogant assumption of many Western people in the East, that there is no real progress or civilization where our own standards are not adopted in every detail.

I have said that the Japanese are a Spartan race. Many things besides their resistance to cold prove it. The most of them live in simplicity. They can go a long time without food. The coolies perform marvelous feats of strength and endurance, they draw a "jinrikisha" all day or carry travelers over the steepest mountains. Every summer a colony of foreigners go to Mt. Hiei-eizan near Kyoto. Their camp is several miles up the steep mountain side, but early each morning the Japanese bring up the mail, fresh vegetables and milk, and women often carry trunks to the summit on their heads. In the upper classes the old "samurai" ideals inculcated endurance, courage and simplicity. A writer in a recent magazine comments upon the seven years' training of the Japanese officer. This is the preparation of a second lieutenant; but it is merely a continuation, under modern methods, of the old "samurai" requirements.

The fact that the Japanese is one of the best soldiers in the world, and one of the toughest, is not such a great cause for wonder, because it is not the outcome of Western military training—of modernization—for the seeds of the Western methods were sown on a long cultivated Spartan soil. The learning of, new military tactics, and the adoption of up-to-date weapons may be likened to placing new machinery in an old mill which depends for power on a great water-fall. The new machinery provides no power in itself.

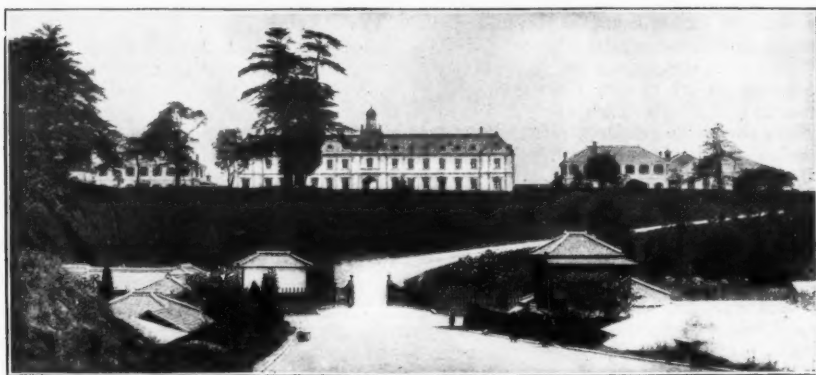
The Japanese have so long been called "imitators" that the term sounds trite. But it is one of those trite expressions of a half truth. As a matter of fact, it is impossible for a race which has such a strong individuality to be merely imitative. Its wonderful metamorphosis of the last thirty years cannot be accounted for by such a simple statement. The Japanese imitate, yes, but what they imitate becomes a part of them, and as it is absorbed, it is adapted and changed. How else could the country through thousands of years have remained so absolutely different from every other country? Again and again it received impulses from Korea and China; its very shutting itself off from the West was an individual act which showed



A Group of Japanese Officers in China-Japan War.

strength. Its final frank admission that in many ways the West was ahead of it required quite as much. I think of a "jinrikisha" man in Tokio who talked learnedly with one of his passengers on the subject of history, literature, etc. The man was much impressed, and asked the coolie to leave his work and come to live in his house where he might study. The coolie thought a little while and then replied that he could not because he would be obliged to give up his

intense feeling of hatred and contempt for the foreigner, the coolies and merchants will cringe in their eagerness to earn money, and the former are often kicked about. The Chinese pride is of a different brand. Kick a Japanese coolie, and you will probably find yourself in jail. This happened to a captain of an American transport who had a row with an independent "jinrikisha" man, and the sailing of the ship was delayed for a few days, the kick thus costing our gov-



The West Point of the New Japan. School for Military Officers in Tokio.

individuality. As it was, nobody expected anything of him, and therefore he could live just as he liked. It was better so. I know also of a talented artist who was trained in the exquisite art of block cutting for prints. When the revolution of 1868 took away his employment, he found that he could no longer pursue his calling according to his old ideals. Rather than give these up, he decided to be a boatman, and for years plied a craft, like a common coolie, up and down the Sumida River. Then a publisher who recognized his talent made a place of responsibility for him in his establishment, and the artist-boatman returned to his old work in the old way, with renewed energy, his ideals undimmed.

I found, from my own experience, that one can antagonize the Japanese in a minute by the least arrogance or air of superiority. The foreigner who has been traveling in other parts of the Far East at once feels a difference in his standing when he reaches Japan. He recognizes innate pride and self-respect in the Japanese—sometimes reaching to exasperating extremes—and instinctively carries himself in a less lordly way. Even in China where there is a much more

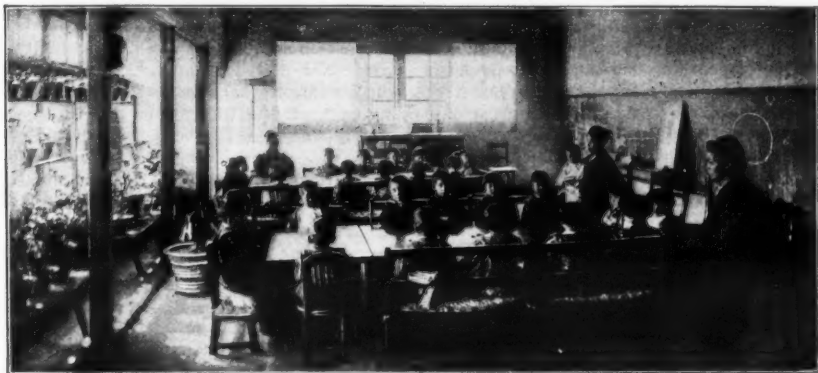
ernment several thousand dollars. In the streets, in spite of their proverbial politeness, the Japanese will not take pains to get out of your way, because they are always afraid that you will assume a superiority. I have seen an Englishman hit a basket of beans that a woman was carrying because she would not get out of his path. In the look which she gave him there was written a burning thesis on the hatred of Oriental for Occidental, and I believe that my own face conveyed a sympathetic response. I soon learned, after arriving in Japan, that the Japanese stands firmly on the ground that he is as good as anybody else. The modernizing of Japan does not include a blind admiration for the foreigners from whom so much has been learned in science, mechanics and world etiquette. The daily press of Japan contains many jibes at our civilization, quotations from our press which convict us of Christian inconsistencies, and of failing, on many grounds, to practice what we preach.

In spite of these qualities of easily aroused antagonism, of pride and Spartan ideals, the Japanese are an essentially gentle race. More so than the Anglo-Saxons. Broils in which one man hits another are of rare oc-

currence; blows are generally the preface of a death struggle. The women may often suffer from the prevailing ideals of morality, which are yet much lower than ours, but there are few wife-beaters, and the home atmosphere is almost always outwardly peaceful. It follows that a little true politeness on the part of the foreigner goes a long way, and almost invariably meets with a warm recognition; you rarely appeal to the Japanese in vain. They are as quick to respond to an act of real kindness, as they are to resent an act which has a tinge of arrogance. Our government allowed several transports with returning volunteers to stop at Yokohama, and so hundreds of American soldiers visited that city and Tokio. One of them hired a bicycle and was taking a ride about the streets of Yokohama when he ran down an elderly Japanese man. The soldier rang his bell several times, but the Japanese apparently paid no attention to it, and the American found himself promptly arrested and taken to court where he was fined ten "yen" (five dollars). He protested that he had done everything possible to avert the accident, and asked why the man made no attempt to get out of the way. The policeman

and those who could speak a little English formed themselves into committees to show the American visitors all the places of interest and to give them necessary assistance in getting about.

I call to mind another incident out of thousands which might be cited. An English girl, a missionary of the Established Church, was riding through the streets of Tokio when she noticed that a Japanese man had been knocked down and severely injured. People were standing about, but nobody seemed to know what to do. She had attended some medical lectures before coming to Japan, so stopped her "jinrikisha" and went to the man's assistance, binding up his wounds, and seeing that he was carried to a place where he would be cared for. She refused to give her name, but the next day the Japanese papers were full of the incident. They had found out who she was, and her address. One paper said that if this was an example of applied Christianity, they began to understand what the religion meant. In a day or two she received letters from Japanese of whom she had never heard before, thanking her for what she did as if it was a personal matter. One of them was



A Japanese Kindergarten.

then told him that the man was blind. The soldier looked dazed for a minute, then felt in his pocket and brought out a ten dollar bill. "Here," he said, "it's the last I've got, but he can have it," and he turned it over to the blind man. The Japanese were deeply touched, and that same day a delegation of policemen hunted up the soldier and gave him back his fine. At this time the students of the Imperial University and the Normal School in Tokio banded together,

from a doctor and contained an admiring tribute to her skill.

A characteristic which has been potent in the modernizing of Japan, is that of insatiable curiosity, an intense desire to see and understand anything new. While the present-day Chinese attitude is that of contempt for any beings or institutions not evolved in China, the Japanese are eager to know of everything connected with our form of civilization, and to adopt it if it is good. Some-

times their great receptiveness and power of imitation and adoption, lead them to adopt innovations which they afterwards find it wiser to discard. Hence the accusation of fickleness. A perusal of Japanese history shows that the people have ever progressed by

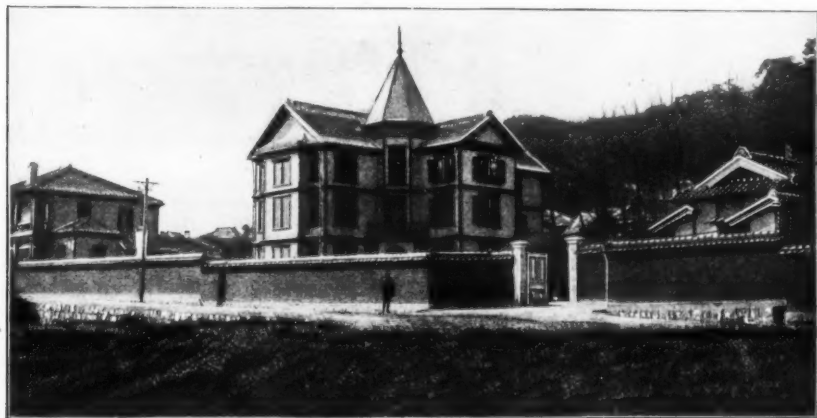
impulses, by action and reaction, and that in the end, good judgment seems to become supreme. The foreigner traveling in Japan is soon made aware of the quality of curiosity. On every railroad platform he is surrounded by a crowd of people who, with their mouths as wide open as their eyes in their effort to lose no detail of interest, regard him slowly from head to foot, and comment upon him amongst themselves the while. These people may have seen hundreds of foreigners, they may see them every day, but they continue to act as if they had never seen one before. I visited some Americans in Tokio who had lived in the same house with the same Japanese neighbors, for about



The Bund at Kobe.
The Bund is the street on the waterfront.

a year. Yet each time that we went out to drive, the people in the little Japanese house nearby would rush to their windows and stand there watching as eagerly as a small Yankee at the circus. This happened every day. It is always possible to tell whether

a foreigner happens to be in his garden, for a good-sized crowd of Japanese gathered about the gate announces the important fact. I gave several talks and lectures to school children and young men and women in Japan. They were interpreted, I, of course, speaking in English, so that half of the address was understood by only a few. Yet I have never seen audiences more absolutely attentive. Not a word was lost, and the same concentration was shown while I was speaking as when the interpreter was turning it into Japanese. Little school children—boys and girls—sat drinking everything in, with their eyes popping out of their heads until I had finished. I never flattered myself that



A School Building in a Compound at Kobe.



A Japanese Girls' School.

this was due to the fascination of my discourse, but merely to the great curiosity of my audience, their power of concentration and their receptivity.

The national politeness for which the Japanese are famous, is almost never-failing. This statement seems paradoxical with my remarks on their independence and easily aroused antagonism; but they are rarely impolite or ungente in their manifestation of these feelings. It is more or less of a negative resistance, a phase of character to be found in the East. A Japanese whose opposition is aroused may be as obstinate as a mule, but he will rarely show it in a way that is at all violent. Apparently he is willing to do what you wish, in the way that you wish, and when you wish, while his intention is to do nothing at all. You will have a hard time turning him from this intention. It will be seen that an unflinching politeness may often cover untruth. In Japan no human being could ever mean all that he says. We may see the same phenomenon at an afternoon tea in America. When a person who dislikes us shakes us cordially by the hand, and assures us that the meeting is an occasion of great pleasure, we know that

the words are false. There are many formal remarks which are made in Anglo-Saxon society every day which have no ring of truth. A challenge may be signed "your obedient servant." This is carried to a still greater length in Japan. Not all of their politeness is insincere, but a great deal of it is, and they know it is, just as we recognize social lies amongst ourselves. They consider us brutally frank and abrupt, and there is much in their daily conduct which seems to carry out Christian precept more than our own; still the never-failing suavity and compliance often mask sentiments of a totally different character. In the matter of etiquette the Japanese still cling to their own elaborate traditions. These will remain in force till thrust aside by the exigencies of a new business and industrial life. The business Japanese, those whom we find in foreign built offices with foreign equipment and in foreign clothes, are Western when dealing with Western people, but that is all cast aside in the home, except in rare cases, where the business suit is generally discarded for the "kimono," the leather shoes for the sandals, and where the family probably continue to sit on the floor. It is safe to

say that Japanese customs will remain in force until the standard of living is raised and more money is being made by the masses. Were the people suddenly to adopt Western ways, half of Japan would soon become bankrupt, for the cost of living would be greatly increased.

Japanese art has, to a certain extent, become modernized. There are schools of art in Japan to-day which follow blindly the schools in the West, working in our mediums and producing masses of mediocrity. There are others which are clinging so closely to old traditions that they quench all inspiration. A few are profiting by what may help them in the art of the West, and are still turning out real works of art which are thoroughly Japanese. Out of this chaotic state I believe that the Japanese individuality will again triumph, and that a new art will be born with universal elements, and yet essentially Japanese. It is interesting to note that while the commonest people in Japan show exquisite taste in the ordering of their little homes, their taste is as awry with the things of the West as ours generally is with the things of Japan. They have learned from us to knit and crochet, and the combinations of colored worsteds which they blend together are atrocious. Dealing with their materials their taste is never false. It is wonderful to see a room full of ordinary Japanese admiring an exhibition of "Flower Arrangement" ranged around the walls. The art of arranging these branches or flowers takes years to acquire. Few foreigners have ever had the patience to learn all the mysteries of this and the Ceremonial Tea. While watching middle-class people crouch down before each vase of flowers in turn, drinking in its fine points, which were beyond my appreciation, and apparently lost in æsthetic enjoyment, I realized that the East had certain refinements quite beyond

the general appreciation of the West and unaffected by it.

A thorough consideration of Japanese traits and of what the remarkable change in this remarkable country really consists, furnishes material for a series of volumes. There is a vast store of fact upon which I have barely touched. Japan has built over three thousand miles of railroad, has established a public school system which comprises kindergartens, universities and normal schools, has constructed a navy of steel ships, remodeled her army, introduced electricity and machinery, erected factories, and is training her young men in all the professions, besides remodeling the government on more liberal lines than many Western monarchies. These are matters of official report and statistics. One can learn them without visiting the Empire. It is false to assume, however, that Japan has done these things merely because she wanted to be like the West. Wiser than China, she first of all acknowledged that the law of self-preservation required that she should fight the West with its own weapons if she wanted to continue to exist as a nation, and to retain the priceless possession of individuality. Japan was also actuated by a genuine acknowledgment that the West was ahead of her in many ways. She has adopted only those features of Western civilization which she considers to be more advanced than her own.

All the world has wondered at Japan's becoming modern in a few years; but we gradually understand the miracle as we gain a better knowledge of the Japanese and their past, and attempt to put ourselves more in sympathy with their point of view and institutions. Except that which has come through the inspiration of Christian principles, the West has never furnished Japan with an ounce of power, but merely with a certain amount of modern equipment.



Japanese Politeness. Receiving a Call.

THE FORGED SUICIDE

By HENRY T. GARDNER

A CARRIAGE drove rapidly into Central Park about ten o'clock on the night of August 24. It held three persons in it, all silent. When it came out again there were but two. As it turned into Lenox Avenue, the elder man sighed and said, "That's over and done with."

The other inclined his head, slightly turning it, and brought it back slowly, as much as to say, "Maybe so, but I doubt it."

"I know, I know," said the elder man, as if answering the spoken words, "but what else was there to do? Inform the police? We'd have come out of it all right in the long run, but at what a cost? We should have been alternately brow-beaten and cajoled by a lot of thick-headed, impudent reporters, stealing photographs and making diagrams of the lower hall, with a big cross for where— They'd want to be told everything; they'd make all they could of it, Parkinson. You know that. They'd put the worst construction possible on the relations between— No, Parkinson, I couldn't drag my daughter's name into it. I couldn't."

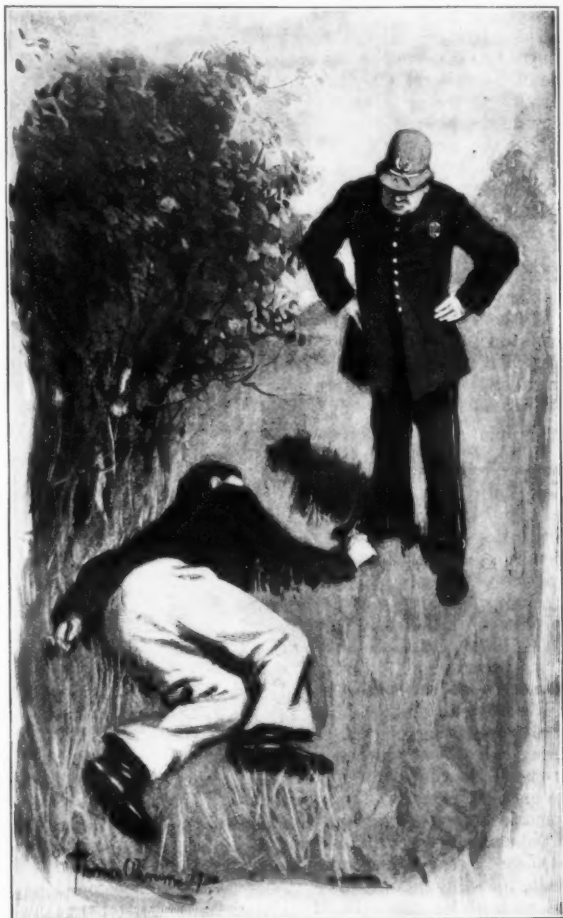
"No, sir," said the other, a prim, pale man, with a small tab of side-whisker. "I suppose not, sir. But I was thinking that if it was traced, they would be making some nasty inquiries—"

"Well, we'll have to take our chances. All we've got to do now is to keep still. It's a good

thing there's so little moon," said the elder man, "his expression was so—was so—I don't like to think of it."

"I think that was a good place to put—to put him, sir. In among those bushes."

"Yes," answered the elder man, absently.



"That in such intensely hot weather a man should have perished of Arctic cold was surely a jest of the grimest."

"What—what did you tell her about what had become of him?"

"I said that he had gone out."

"'Gone out.' Yes, he has." There was a long pause. Then, "Do you suppose—do you suppose she thought a good deal of him, Parkinson?"

The prim, pale man hesitated before he replied, "I think she was only interested in him at first. After that— Oh, but she couldn't, you know, sir."

"He wasn't a bad-looking fellow," said the elder man.

Parkinson sniffed and jerked at the lines.

"The likes of him ought to know their place," he said, surlily, "and be made keep to it."

The carriage rolled through brownstone canyons as deserted as the ancient cities of the cliff-dwellers. Only here and there blossomed and faded in slow rhythm the rose-glow in the pipe of some care-taker, sitting out in the areaway for what little coolness there was anywhere. On every side portals were hidden behind painted boards, and windows were hung with faded holland. The wheels stopped before one exception, a house that bore signs of present occupancy. The elder man got out and the prim, pale man took the carriage and horses to the stable.

If the up-town streets were empty, far down-town they were more thronged than ever with people seeking what air was stirring, dead and lifeless though it was. The city panted with heat almost too grievous to be borne. For eight days the thermometer had not gone below ninety, save for an hour or two in the early morning. Life in New York was barely supportable. The newspapers chronicled long lists of heat prostrations and casualties among the tenement house population, resulting from their practice of sleeping on the roof, preferring the risk of rolling off to the certainty of suffocation in their beds.

This night was more intolerable than any of its predecessors. Loss of sleep fretted the nerves of the sufferers and made them unable to endure the killing heat. Weaklings were dying off or going mad. The strong had almost reached the limit of their strength. So when another brazen day began, the park policemen in the squad-room of the Arsenal, before going on their beats, received strict orders to look out for suicides.

Officer Peter Clancey, standing in the shade, rebelling against his buttoned-up coat and high collar, thought of this when his eye caught the glint of something bright,

twinkling and glittering through the stems of that clump of shrubbery of which the prim, pale man had spoken. It looked like nickel. It looked like a revolver. Officer Clancey walked that way.

"One o' them cheap pops," he said, professionally, as he stood over what had been the third occupant of the carriage the night before. "Thim furriners is great for makun way wid umselfes. I wonder now did he kill umself, annyhow. All the chambers is loaded, and they's no mark at all on um. Howiver, it's a carriner's case, all right. Lave the docthers find the mark. He's been dead this long while now. Cowl'd an' shtiff he is."

The line in the afternoon papers of the 25th, announcing the discovery of an unknown suicide in the upper park was expanded to the utmost possible in the morning papers of the 26th. When the coroner's physician came to make examination, it was found that not only was there no external mark of traumatic injury, but that, with the exception of an inch or so of the surface tissues, the whole body was frozen solid as a rock!

That in such intensely hot weather a man should have perished of Arctic cold was surely a jest of the grimmest. The shrewdest men on the newspapers were set to work to discover the solution of the mystery, and the cleverest Central Office detectives helped them.

If few more paradoxical problems have presented themselves, many more unpromising ones have been unraveled to the last prosaic skein. The unknown man had in his pockets a box of cartridges and a sheet of cheap, blue-lined notepaper, on which were scrawled odd-looking characters, headed by this line:

20018 June 23

"Looks like Greek," said one of the reporters.

"Greek nothing!" sneered another of superior knowledge. "More like Sanskrit."

"Sanskrit hangs down from a line," corrected a man that used to report meetings of the Theosophical Society. "Persian, maybe. Who knows somebody that can read Persian? Because here's the clew—right here on this piece of paper."

"Leave us have a look at it once," demanded Izzy Weinstein, who covered the

case for the A. P. "It's Yiddish writing, that's what it is. It stands on the top, 'Zu mein Shiksa.' That means, 'To my Christian girl.' It's poetry, the rest of it."

"How is it?" the fellows asked him.

"Pretty good stuff, for poetry. He says she's his flower behind an iron fence that he can't climb over, and that she's his star that shines in the high, I mean on high. He says he wishes he was the wind so's he could go through the fence and kiss her, or a cloud so's he could be between her and the world and have her all to himself."

"Any names?"

"No."

"Oh, rot! What's the good of poetry without names and addresses?"

The police traced the box of cartridges to H. Mendelson, of No. 18 Goerck Street. He remembered selling them and the revolver to a young fellow. Yes, he said, when he was brought to the morgue, that was the man.

"What's his name?"

"Do I know? I never saw him but once."

Rough handling and threats to enforce several convenient ordinances did not refresh his memory in the least. Even Mr. Mendelson could not remember what he never knew.

Inquiries were made at all the breweries, but nobody had got into any of their cooling vaults, least of all anybody with a revolver clutched in his hand so tightly that it could not be got away from him any more than his name, or how he came to be frozen to death when the thermometer was nearly one hundred in the shade. In a few days popular interest began to flag, as it will in any problem that is too difficult to solve. At the last moment little Purvis got an idea. He will never know till he reads this how near he came to making a great reputation for himself on Park Row. It occurred to him that this young Jew that wrote poetry to a Christian maiden might be known at the

University Settlement. As he went up the steps a young woman was just descending them, after having called out a last "good-by" to another young woman at the door. Purvis looked at the departing one with sudden interest. He thought it was because she made him think of the nice girls he used to know "back home." There was such a thoughtful cast to her features, such sound sense combined with kindly sympathy and cleanness of soul. He felt like speaking to her, but a strange shyness overcame him.

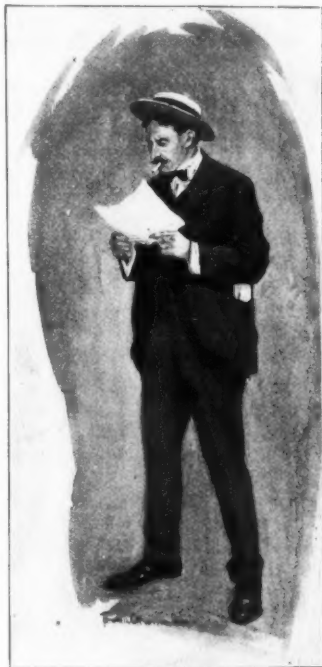
She was dressed simply, but a blind man could see that she was more, a great deal more, than an ordinary young woman.

But he let her pass and showed the photograph he had to the young woman in the doorway. She did not recognize the face, nor did Miss Riker, whom she called to her aid, but Miss Theobald, who came later, said she remembered some one very like that. He came to the Settlement occasionally. She could not call the name.

And thus it was that Purvis' lucky inspiration came to naught. The weather turned cool suddenly and politics seized upon the public interest—it was a presidential year—the mystery of the Frozen Man dropped out of sight. But it would not have done so had he shown the photograph to the

young woman he met coming down the stoop of the University Settlement. What a "beat" he would have had on the town!

For she, Eleanor Mowatt, of No. 3 East Seventy-fifth Street, was the flower behind the grating, the star in the high sky for which yearned the soul of Jacob Vinsky, machine operator, of No. 432 Suffolk Street. A world apart, though living in the same city, they would have remained so their lives long, had not the craving for usefulness prompted her to take interest in the works of the University Settlement, to try



"It's Yiddish writing, that's what it is."

to become acquainted with her disinherited brothers and sisters, men and women that she saw every day, but whose lives were as foreign to her as if they dwelt in Thibet or in Central Africa. Perhaps she might help them. It was very hard to help, without doing harm. But if she knew them better she might learn how.

After he had gotten over his fear that in some way the people at the Settlement meant to make a Christian out of him, Jacob Vinsky came to see that they were trying to give him their friendship, their kindly sympathy, their hearty encouragement to live the best that was in him. He saw that their movement was "the going to the people" of which he had heard back in Russia and he honored them for it.

At one of the social gatherings of the Settlement he met this beautiful lady and felt his poverty as he had never felt it in his life before. It had kept him from meeting such a woman. She was his dream of what the sex should be. So far from being haughty and proud, she behaved as if she realized that he was the useful, she the useless member of society. She used words in the "high" way of speaking, but they were so simple and so easy to understand. She was sympathetic, too, and he felt bold to tell her how he wrote verses in the Yiddish jargon. He repeated some of them to her. They breathed the Oriental sadness and the lofty aspirations of his race. She knew some Yiddish, but it seemed to her, under the spell

of his enthusiasm, that she understood the language perfectly. She urged him to collect his poems, to write more of them until he had enough to make a book. He spread out his hands. How could he do that? He was a poor tailor, a machine operator and it cost money to print a book. And then, he hardly knew how, she made him understand that it would be possible to arrange it so that the book could be published. Then others might read and feel in themselves what passions and longings had struggled in his own bosom, and would not let him rest until he had set them down. Rest? Even then he could not rest, for the artist is wretched unless he can show his handiwork to others. It was the path of glory that he trod that night when he saw her to the car. (She was not one of those that flaunt their wealth by coming in a carriage to the Settlement.) And then Jacob Vinsky went home to the little sordid hole in Suffolk Street, wherein he lodged and there dreamed what dreams I could not tell you of.

I will not say that Eleanor Mowatt did not dream, too, for, after all, it is the heart's desire of the rich to help the poor with money. Only, scientific charity balks the impulse. Still she could play the Lady Bountiful by encouraging literary genius. Surely to help a man to print his poems in a book would not be pauperizing him.

They often met after that, and at every meeting Eleanor Mowatt found herself noting with fresh surprise the dark depths of the melting Semitic



"It was the path of glory that he trod that night when he saw her to the car."

eyes of the young poet, the arching brows, the waving black hair, the full, red lips, the curving nostrils, that proclaimed the race, exulting in the long line of martyrs for the Law, back to the ancestors who, thousands of years before, had stood gazing at flaming Sinai and felt the earth tremble under foot while that Law was given to man. His cheek was pallid, but his indoor work had not yet stooped his shoulders or robbed his figure of its supple elasticity. His mind was beautiful, too. He was a poet, and even his vulgar East Side accent could not mar the beauty of his words. Yes, she thought he was splendid, but—

To Jacob Vinsky there could be nothing more lovely than this blonde Shiksa. The masses of her chestnut hair that glistened like thread gold where the light caught in it caused his chest to spread for deeper breath. Her modulated voice, her seriousness, her keen appreciation made hers seem sister to his soul. Every moment he was with her was more precious than a diamond. Yes, she was angelic, but—

Race and rank were between them. Though their hearts clasped hands, it was across a chasm that it seemed they could not overpass. He was a Jewish tailor, she the Christian daughter of a millionaire. In all their meetings and their walks to the car not a word was uttered that a gossip might not hear, and yet each knew—and knew that the other knew. A vague terror overhung them both. To speak of love was to break the spell, for there is an earthly as well as a heavenly side to love, and that is, living together. He would not drag her down to his level; she could not lift him to hers. So they walked together in a fool's Paradise while the winter relaxed, day by day, and spring drew near.

"I suppose you will soon desert us like the rest," said Miss Theobold to Eleanor, one day. "We shall miss you so much. We shall miss the others, too, but I think you take more interest in the Settlement than some of our up-town friends. It will be dreadful down here when the really hot weather comes. It seems a pity to shut up your big, roomy house when we are huddled together so."

"Oh, no, I'm not going away. We're to be here through the summer," said Miss Mowatt.

"And not go to the country at all!" cried Miss Theobold in some amaze. "Oh, you must go, dear. You mustn't sacrifice



"And then Jacob Vinsky went home and dreamed"

yourself when the sacrifice doesn't do any good."

"Oh, there'll be no sacrifice if papa's plans work as he expects them to. He thinks it is never so convenient in the country as in town, and it isn't so very much cooler, either. Besides, where can you go and really escape flies and mosquitoes without making yourself a prisoner behind bars—mosquito bars?"

"Yes, I know," sighed Miss Theobold; "but, oh! the fresh air! You can't think how I long for one good, full breath of air all to myself that nobody else had ever breathed."

"Oh, come up to our house, then," cried Eleanor. "Papa is going to have it cooled with liquid air. It is so fresh and wholesome. It's just like the breeze you get when you're on the deck of a yacht, and you can

look all around and see nothing but sea and sky."

"Instead of going away for fresh air——"

"We have it delivered at the house in twenty-gallon cans."

"Isn't it nice to be rich!"

"I don't know," sighed Miss Mowatt, suddenly grown thoughtful, "sometimes it isn't nice to be too rich. It separates you from—— Is there anything I can do to help you with the party to-night? Don't you want some flowers?"

As the summer dragged on, Alexander Mowatt found that while his plan for utilizing the intense cold of liquid air interested him by its partial success and surprising irregularities, it hardly compensated him for the loneliness of town when everybody he knew was in the country. In the daytime his business enterprises kept his mind occupied, but the evenings hung heavy on his hands. The clubs were hot and uninteresting. He said to Eleanor: "Don't you think your poor old father needs a little cheering up as well as those East Side folks?" For all his drolling, Eleanor saw that he was lonely without her, since her mother died, and she did the duty that lay nearest her.

During this long period of hot weather he had practically forbidden her to stir out of the cool house, and so the Jewish poet and the millionaire's daughter saw nothing of each other for a fortnight. The young man was working hard by day at his trade in a room stifling in any weather from the stove that blazed away to heat the irons of the pressers. At night, since he could not sleep, he put in the time writing. It is hard to select just the right word, and when he found it his pulse beat quicker. Sometimes the rhymes came to him while he was working. They did when his heart was full of passionate longing for a sight of the Gentile girl, the Shiksa. He had not seen her for an age. He could not write to her. He knew so little English, and he feared to make her laugh at his poor attempt at a letter. Every night he went to the Settlement, but when she did not appear he silently withdrew and crept back to his room. Perhaps she no longer cared for him, and in an agony of self-reproach he examined what he had said to her at their last meeting. Maybe he had offended her.

He turned against his food. He could not eat. The sweltering sweat-shop sickened him. He loathed the roar of his machine. The regular movement of the bushmen's bare arms as they drew the thread taut

at every stitch, like mechanical figures, twitched at his nerves. When the big tin pail of beer was passed around and each man in his turn gave it a rotary motion to freshen up the froth, it made him giddy. As the heat strengthened, he seemed to be more and more, as it were, in a fever. There were moments when he felt as if floating in the air. Then it was that verses came to him, verses of surpassing beauty. They seemed to him worthy to be written in golden letters on purple vellum. He found himself repeating them aloud. The other men looked at him curiously, but only for a moment. They were working in such frantic haste. Hot weather or cold weather, there is always the rent to be paid.

One day—it was the 24th of August—he started up and cried, "I will. Yes, I will. O star beyond the cloud! O flower within the garden!" He began putting away his work.

"What is it?" demanded the boss.

"I am going out," answered the poet, and there was a look in his eyes, the boss said, Oh, Master of the world, what a look! Not for silver and gold would he stop to talk to a man with such a look in his eyes. Blessed be the Most High over all!

And then it was that H. Mendelson, of No. 18 Goerck Street, first laid eyes on the young man that bought the pistol and the box of cartridges.

That evening Eleanor heard the rattle of wheels stop before the house, the area gate clash and the jingle of the basement bell, once, twice, three times, with a long wait between. Then she remembered that she was alone in the house except for Parkinson, who was up-stairs in the library telephoning to know why that extra can of liquid air was not yet come. It had been promised for seven o'clock, and now it was nearly nine.

"That must be it now," she said to herself. "What's the use of my keeping them waiting? Poor men, they want to get home," and she ran down the stairs to let them in herself.

They shuffled in with their heavy burden between them. Eleanor looked at the faint white cloud of vapor that surrounded it in spite of the fact that the inner can containing the liquid air was jacketed from the outer shell of zinc by thick hair-felt. She turned on the incandescent lamp in the hall.

"I'm sure I don't know where it goes," she said to them. "Just set it back in the hall out of the way. I'll have Parkinson

attend to it. Warm, isn't it?" She spoke with the neighborliness that she had learned at the Settlement.

"Not in that can it ain't," answered one of the men. "It's colder than the North Star in it."

"I'm sure I don't know how cold the North Star is," she laughed, "but they tell me it's very cold between the stars."

"It ain't no colder'n that stuff," said the other man. "I'll take me oat' o' that. Good-night, miss. Ah, there's that cover come off." He started back as the metal lid clanged on the floor.

"Never mind. I'll put it back myself. Good-night," she answered and closed the door, at the same time reaching out a hand to turn off the electric light when the door should have latched.

As it swung shut she gasped, "Why——" and paused afrighted, for behind it hid a man.

He raised his head.

"Why, Mr. Vinsky!" she cried. "How you startled me!"

He remained silent. She shrank back nearer the wall. He gazed on her so fixedly that it frightened her.

"Why do you look at me so?" she demanded. "What is the matter? What have you come here for?"

He advanced a step, then paused. At last he spoke. "I have come to claim you as my wife," he said.

The word was spoken, the spell was broken. While her heart leaped to hear his brusque declaration, her brain awakened from a dream, and she knew that she had been dreaming. She could not give herself

to such a man. She saw now that it could not be, it could not be, and yet——

"I have come to claim you as my wife," he repeated. "I love you, my star beyond the cloud, my flower in a garden enclosed. Do you not love me? Your eyes tell me——"

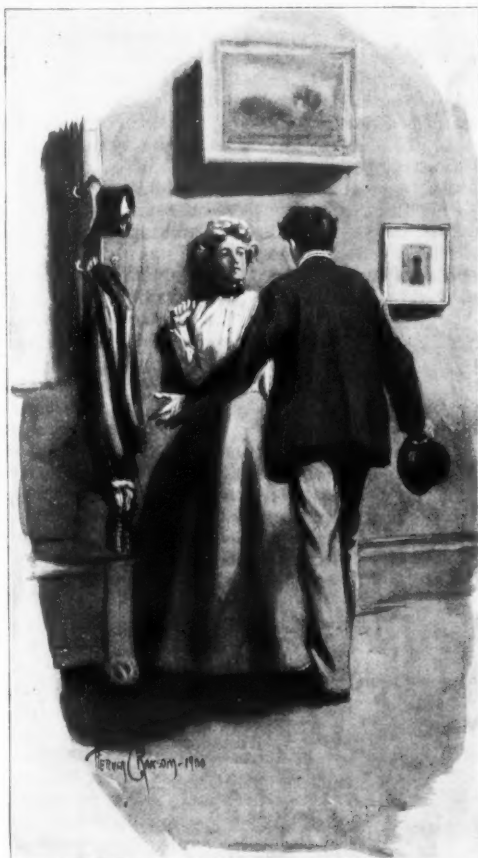
"Mr. Vinsky," she interrupted, trembling at the intensity of his passion, "you have no right to ask me such a question. You——"

"I will not endure it if you are not to be for me," he said in a harsh whisper, his face contorted into a frightful frown. His hand went quickly behind him.

"Mr. Vinsky, I must ask you to go," she

said, choking as she spoke. "I must ask you to leave the house at once. This is very——"

"Then you say 'No' to me? Is it because you love another that you have forsaken me?" he demanded, loudly. His hand came forward. She saw the gleam of polished nickel and screamed in terror. Then, not



"He gazed on her so fixedly that it frightened her."

knowing what she did, she turned out the light and fled swiftly through the hall, into the kitchen, and up the back stairs to her own room where she locked herself in.

The sudden blackness dazzled him for a moment. Then it flashed across his mind, "She thinks I mean to kill her. I would not harm a hair of her head." He would run after her and tell her that the pistol was for him, not her. Life was nothing to him now. All he asked was to die at her feet to show her that he loved her. He sprang in the direction she had taken. As he did so, he tripped on a rug and fell heavily against and into something. It seemed to him it was a tub full of— Ah! it was fire, that seared every nerve. He struggled to drag his body out of it, but only overturned it on himself and lay weltering in fire, burning, burning— That was the last message his nerves carried to his brain, for in that moment the cold of the space between the stars seized upon him and his flesh became as marble stone.

Parkinson heard the shriek and the sound of hurried footsteps. He descended the stairs from the library. "Miss Eleanor!" he cried. "Miss Eleanor! Is anything the matter?"

There was no answer.

"Miss Eleanor! Where are you? Is anything the matter?"

As he turned at the bottom of the stairs, his master's latch-key rattled in the lock.

"Why, Parkinson," said Mowatt, "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I got a fright, sir," said the man-servant. "I left Miss Eleanor alone, and just now I heard a man in the basement talking loudly, and then I heard her scream."

They listened. In the silence they could hear the sounds of sobbing from above.

"I wonder if he's there yet," whispered Parkinson.

"I'll go with you," said the elder man, and grasped his stick firmly.

A sudden chill struck through them as they descended the stairs. The servant's fingers were so numb he could scarcely turn on the light. They gazed at what it showed them with a shudder that was not all due to cold.

"This is the tailor you spoke to me about?" asked Mr. Mowatt.

The prim, pale man assented.

"See his revolver. I suppose he meant to kill her with it. They have a way of doing that," said the elder man, as he stooped down to take the weapon from the frozen hand. The prim, pale man hastily arrested his arm.

"Don't touch the metal, sir," he said.

"It will give you a bad burn."

They stood looking down in silence for some moments. Then the elder man spoke, "She couldn't have known his fate. She must never know, if we can help it. Go up and tell her that he has gone. I will get the carriage and take—this—away."

WAR

By EDWIN L. SABIN

All trembling is the meadow;

All crimson is the rill.

The dead lie in the valley;

The dead lie on the hill.

And one side is the victor,

The other side has lost;—

The women of two peoples

Are counting up the cost.

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE



Gilbert & Bacon photo.
Adolph Zink.
In "Foxy Quiller."

"I'VE just heard that the 'Congressional Directory' is being dramatized and that it will be produced with an all-star cast and stupendous scenic investiture," was the utterance of a Washington correspondent, which indirectly expressed some of the contempt he felt for the book-play craze.

Editorials have appeared in many papers of the country deploring this riot of the scissors-and-paste drama. Most writers place the blame for this rank growth on the shoulders of the managers. To our knowledge, nobody has blamed the public. Now, it is an axiom among students of politics that a people has a government as good as it deserves. It may not be wrong to assume that we have a drama as good as we deserve. To be sure, managers put out plays as a commercial investment; none of them pretends that he is in the business except for fortune and fame. Most of them struggle to rise to higher things in their business, as do enterprising men in all lines of trade. W. A. Brady, for instance, from being merely an impresario in pugilism has climbed upward to a production like "Lovers' Lane,"

and an all-star revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Incidentally, a curious trifle about this revival is that Wilton Lackaye, who plays *Uncle Tom*, had never seen a performance of this perennial flower of our theatre.

If, then, the book-made drama is a blight, let the public declare it so by neglecting it. The managers will strike another tack soon enough; for in no business, save, perhaps, in politics, is the ear-to-the-ground habit cultivated so passionately. Men of the longest experience in the theatre will tell you that no ventures are more insecure than theirs. Sometimes even horse-races seem to be more nearly manageable.

A striking example of supply fashioned to the demand is Julia Marlowe's rich success as *Mary Tudor* in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Miss Marlowe's present triumph is probably the most profitable and generally the most satisfactory of her career. She is capable of much higher effort and she has done better things; but the public never before gave her so much encouragement. Indeed, as a sign of her aims, there was a rumor that she might produce "Grierson's Way," at a few special performances during the run of her current success. This play, which William Archer has called both original and powerful, is the work of H. V. Esmond, who wrote also, "When We Were Twenty-one" for Nat C. Goodwin. It has been produced in London, where it attracted little popular notice because it savored too strongly of Ibsen.

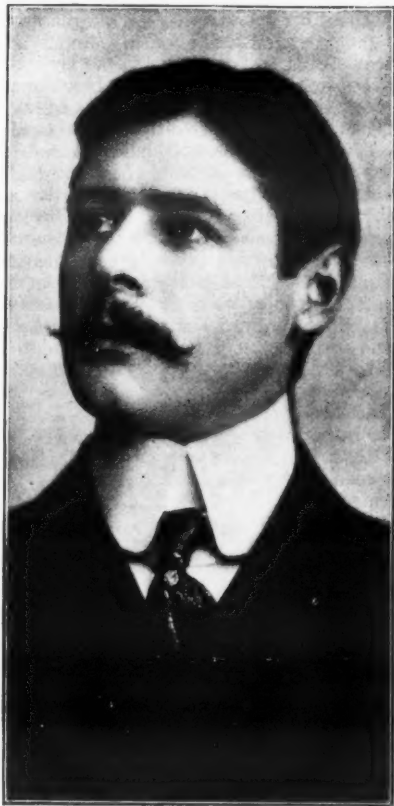
"To Have and to Hold," the play made from Mary Johnston's novel of the same name, seems destined to win favor. Robert Lorraine and Isabel Irving play the leading parts competently, while Charles Walcott



Chickering photo.
Adeline Adler.
TIRZAH, in "Ben-Hur."

has made a distinct personal hit as *Jeremy Sparrow*.

When you see "To Have and to Hold," on the stage, a tumultuous melodrama, you feel like shaking your wits at the recollection that this story appeared first in the staid columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is



Sarony photo.

Robert Lorraine.

-RALPH PERCY, in "To Have and to Hold."

only another sample of the inscrutable ways of the stage adapter.

"A Gentleman of France," by Stanley Weyman, is another historical novel now on the work-bench of the playwright. Kyrle Bellew is to be starred in this production next season. His leading support will be Eleanor Robson. Mr. Bellew has been absent so long from the American stage as to appear now with more than the attractiveness



Chickering photo.

Miriam Nesbitt.

As LADY VERNON, with Ada Rehan, in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."



Chickering photo.

Marie Derickson.

Of Charles Frohman's Comedians.

of a new man. Miss Robson's excellent and varied performances during the past season make the choice of her especially promising. Very shortly Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will be seen in a dramatization of "Manon Lescant."

"Under Two Flags," made by Paul M. Potter from Ouida's novel of the same title,

earned further esteem by her comedy work in that better-dead farce, "Naughty Anthony," and in the tragic idyl, "Madame Butterfly." In the first half of the season now drawing to a close, Blanche Bates was leading woman in the Lafayette Square Stock Company at Washington. Besides the routine performances here, she appeared



W. A. Sands photo.

Julia Marlowe.

As MARY TUDOR, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

is profitable because of its unusual scenic effects, and also on account of Blanche Bates' interpretation of *Cigarette*.

The reputation of this actress is growing apace. Since her unexpected hit in "The Great Ruby," when this exciting melodrama was first produced at Daly's Theatre, she

with marked success in a special production of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." During the coming summer Blanche Bates will be seen in "Under Two Flags," at San Francisco, which is her home city. Other New York productions intact which are promised for the metropolis of the Pacific Coast are, "Mrs.



Sarony photo.

Elgie Bowen.

As YUNG SHI, in "San Toy."

Dane's Defense," Annie Russell in "A Royal Family," and "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

"Madame Butterfly," by the way, has been received very flatteringly in vaudeville. Valerie Bergere plays *Cho Cho San* now and plays it delightfully. The production is managed by David Belasco, who devised the little drama originally from John Luther Long's story. The introduction of "Madame Butterfly" was a new departure in continuous vaudeville, where twenty minutes of a sketch that is laughable and sentimental has been the rule. "Madame Butterfly" occupies an hour's time, and the audience weeps, snuffles and sobs during the greater part of it.

"The Price of Peace" is the title of the latest Drury Lane compound of melodrama and spectacle. One of the thrilling episodes in this play is the assassination of a Prime Minister of England. "Colorado," the newest state play from the pen of Augustus Thomas, will be produced by Charles Frohman. "A Message from Mars," a fantastic comedy that has had a long run in London, will serve Charles Hawtry, a favorite English comedian, on his first tour in this country. The author of the blank-verse tragedy which Sir Henry Irving is about to try in London, oddly enough, is Fergus Hume, known hitherto as a writer of gruesome novels, the most popular of which is "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

Gaston Deschamps, the noted French critic, who has been delivering lectures at Harvard and other universities, on French drama, may or may not have taken advantage of the opportunity to study the indigenous product offered in such a play as "Lovers

Lane." Clyde Fitch's essay in the field of rural plays has allowed the critics to say that Denman Thompson, Neil Burgess and Charles H. Hoyt have done the same thing long ago, and better. Perhaps; but, nevertheless, "Lovers' Lane" affords genuine amusement. The comic strain of the piece is exaggerated to the verge of burlesque, yet you laugh long and heartily. The sentimental story of "Lovers' Lane" is pretty and tear-compelling. Unfortunately, it is not wholly free from the meretricious trickiness that is often

discernible in the work of this dramatist. The introduction of the little son of the divorced couple as a cripple with crutches and an iron brace on one leg is ghastly. Six months later, in the fourth act, this child is brought on at the reconciliation of the parents. Now, however, the child is well. He has neither crutches nor the leg-brace. The spectator feels, then, that Mr. Fitch has done worse than offend against taste. He has put thumb-screws on one's sensibilities in order to show how



Sarony photo.

James T. Powers.

As LI, in "San Toy."



Ros & Biehler photo.

Violet Hollis.

"The American Beauty," in the Extravaganza, "My Lady."



Sarony photo.

Carolyn Gordon.

As THE MAID, in "San Toy."



Moore photo.

Maude Odell.

Leading woman, Baldwin-Melville Stock Co., New Orleans.



Hall photo.

Lillian Burkhart.

A Headliner Comedienne in Vaudeville.



Windeatt photo.

Maude Durbin.

With Otis Skinner, in "Prince Otto."



Byron photo.

Act II of "Lovers' Lane."

The Sewing Circle discovers the poster of the "New York Daisies," which the manager of the "Op'ry House" has put up to help advertise the Old Folks' Concert.

clever he is. Mr. Fitch has said in an interview that "even a romanticist may learn something from Ibsen." In this instance, Mr. Fitch has mislearned. One finds no such miraculous cures in "Ghosts," or in "A Doll's House." Really, though, Gaston Deschamps should see those ladies of the sewing circle from Eddyville, Mass. And he

ought to hear Bridget, the cook, announce, with her chronic sobs: "There's a foinie lady inside wants to see ye. She's got a voice loike a Frinch novel."

John Hare has been saying things about American audiences that will undoubtedly make many people mad. Philadelphians in particular were rubbed the wrong way.



Willie Collier.
In "On the Quiet."



Louise Allen Collier.
In "On the Quiet."



Johnston photo.

Eugenie Lawton.

GLADYS MIDDLETON, in "Lost River."



Rose & Sands photo.

Blanche Bates.

CIGARETTE, in "Under Two Flags."



Chickering photo.

Valerie Bergere.

As CHO CHO SAN in "Madame Butterfly."



Schloss photo.

Dorothy Tennant.

Who appeared in "White Roses," at the Actors' Fund Benefit.



Smith Curry photo.

Grace Cameron.

In "Foxy Quiller."



Sarony photo.

Jobyna Howland.

With Marie Dressler, in "Miss Prinnt."

"We played in Philadelphia for a fortnight," said Mr. Hare, "our audiences were uniformly large, but the coldest I ever faced anywhere. In that city they watch a player closely, wondering, apparently, what he will do next, but never getting beyond the stage of idle interest."

"On Monday night here, (at Chicago), the audience almost raced ahead of me, so quick was it to grasp every point. Bits of satire I thought could not be appreciated outside of London, were seized upon on the instant. In New York, where I played for ten weeks, my audiences did not lessen in size, but they did in understanding."

After such a compliment Chicago need not care whether or not she lacks the culture to support grand opera.

It may be wondered why an actor should venture to speak out so frankly about audiences. It looks impolitic. But Mr. Hare wisely prefaced his critical mite with the announcement that he was about to retire from the stage for a long time, probably for good and all.

"I have been an



Sarony photo.

Nanette Comstock.

MARY LARKIN, in "Lovers' Lane."

actor-manager for a quarter of a century," he said, "and an actor for thirty-five years. I have had no rest. I am weary. I have produced the greater number of Mr. Pinero's plays, and not all of them have been successful."

There is the note of the tired man in all this, and of the man beginning to be old. And why not? It is a biography in six lines.



The Chainless Wheel of To-day.

BICYCLES: PAST AND PRESENT

By FRANK JOHN BYRNE

THE cycling season of 1901 is now on. The principal thoroughfares and suburban roads are filled each favorable day and night with devotees of the wheel. A review of the changes made in the 1901 models will, no doubt, interest and prove attractive to all those who have followed the history of the bicycle from the antique models of a decade ago through the various evolutions necessary to bring about the trim, compact, useful and neat machine of to-day.

The adage "He who stands still goes backward," is as true of manufacturers as of individuals. The history of each line of business in America to-day reveals to the student of business economics examples of steady, sure progress. Each year has witnessed a further development in every line of industry. In this statement is shown the secret of how the various American industries have achieved the remarkable success and pre-eminence they now enjoy. In no industry has this been better displayed than in the manufacture of bicycles.

The bicycle business never stands still; it must show progress year by year in marked improvements. The absolutely perfect wheel has not yet been produced, and the manufacturers realize that the success of their business depends upon the continual development of their product. The difference between the machines of 1885 and 1895 and those of 1895 and 1901, must be apparent to even the most disinterested and callous observer. The 1901 models show improved frame lines, smaller tubing, new

fork crown, improved crank hanger bracket, perfected crank axle, new rear stays, improved seatpost cluster, more effective seatpost clamp, new hubs, new handlebar expander, better finish and new front forks. To the expert on bicycle construction, the improvements are marked. Some patterns contain all the way from ten to twenty points in variation from the same machine of a year ago; all of them in the line of improvement.

I presume the manager of a certain factory whose product this year reveals nineteen decided points of difference between it and the machines of previous years, would have ridiculed the suggestion, had it been made a year ago, that so many advantageous changes could have been made. While practically all the distinctive and exclusive features of the past have been retained, each of the new models represents greatly improved construction, the utmost care and attention being given to detail and finish. The bevel gear chainless machines represent a still further advance in this form of construction. The efficiency of the bevel gear principle is admitted everywhere; the experienced riders, as well as the experts, acknowledge its superiority, one particular and important feature being that machines so equipped seldom require any attention from one season's end to the other.

Particular stress is laid on the radical departure in the construction of the rear fork stays which differs materially from the ordinary round and 'D' shaped stays common in bicycle construction. The new stays

are double-tapered, the part from the seat post cluster to the brace being round and tapered from five-eighths to three-quarters of an inch, and the lower sections tapering from seven-eighths to three-quarters of an inch. The rear adjustment on other models is a new feature which will demand attention because of its effectiveness and simplicity. The chain adjustment devices are neat, simple, effective, and so designed as to make it practically impossible for them to slip or come apart, thus obviating difficulties often occasioned by loss of nuts, or other parts of poorly constructed adjusters.

A close scrutiny of the various patterns will show an almost entire absence of binding bolts and other devices which in the past have tended to mar the beauty and symmetry of the machine. The handle bars are adjustable, of new and improved design. The 1901 tubing is generally smaller than that previously used, the result being a more graceful appearance, with added strength and reduction in weight.

The aim of the designers of the different wheels seems to have been to create an artistic effect that will harmonize at every point.

On one model at this year's show, a new feature of considerable importance is a small slot, or buttonhole arrangement, in the hub, which permits the end of the spoke to buttonhole into the hub, so to speak. This gives an absolutely direct pull between the hub and rim—a feature which will be appreciated by all who have had any experience with wheels out of true.

The general application of the new improved coaster brake, while a simple contrivance in itself, means nothing less than a revolution in safety and additional comfort.

There are many patterns of coaster brakes in the market, thoroughly practical and desirable; each one has its partisans and all have points worthy of consideration.

The cushion frame device has become popular among that largely-increasing class of riders who use the bicycle for comfort, benefit and exercise, rather than to develop a high rate of speed. It is becoming popular with riders of heavy weight and those of delicate health. The device is simple, and there is absolutely nothing to get out of order. Its action is yielding and easy, without sudden and objectionable rebound, and

completely eliminates excessive vibration when riding over rough roads. It adds greatly to the ease of the rider, enhances the pleasure and hygienic effect of cycling, permits a greater speed over uneven surfaces and lengthens the life of the bicycle.

It is generally admitted to-day that the ideal bicycle represents the happy combination of all qualifications making for comfort, speed and benefit. It is a wheel that

must stand up to its work, run well, wear well and look well, giving a maximum of satisfactory service and pleasure with a minimum amount of trouble and expense; such a wheel is to be found in any of the leading 1901 models.

The bicycle is no longer a fad or novelty; it has become a necessity, not to say a blessing. Those who avail themselves of its benefits find an incomparable method of relaxation, recreation and consequent benefit.

From a utilitarian standpoint, it is a time and money saver. It must be used outdoors, and fresh air is just as much a component part of it as the frame or tires.



A Reminiscence.